

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS
SATIRES, &c.

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W O R K S

Alexander Pope



CONTAINING

S A T I R E

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ADVERTISEMENT

EPISTLE
TO
Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

VOL. IV.

B

EPISTLE



DEAR NOT.

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T O

The first Publication of this *Epistle*.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary Manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer Information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this *Epistle*. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious, or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own Pictures in it, there being not a Circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most Part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

P.

EPISTLE

T O

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for Himself and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publishing this Epistle, the poet's patience was quite exhausted by the endless impertinence of Poetasters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This design he communicated to his excellent Friend Dr. ARBUTHNOT, who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's Friend and Physician, he was solicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar Detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his case, and humorously applied to his Physician in the manner one would ask for a Receipt to kill Vermin, he straight goes on, in the common Character of Askers of advice, to tell his Doctor that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets) with a Simile, in which the names *Kings, Queens, and Ministers* of

State, happen to be mentioned, his Friend takes the alarm, and begs him to forbear; advises him to stick to his subject, and to be easy under so common a calamity.

To make so light of his disaster provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his discourse, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his Simile, at once,

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass, &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little shocked at the apparent severity of such a proceeding, he assures him, that his good nature is alarmed without cause, for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of offenders; which he illustrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer*, (from v. 1 to 101.)

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more stops him, and bids him consider what hostilities this general attack would set on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, considering the strong antipathy of bad to good, enemies they will always be, either open or secret: and it admits of no question, but a Slanderer is less hurtful, than a Flatterer. For, says he (in a pleasant Simile addressed to his Friend's profession)

*Of all mad Creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.*

And how abject and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing, that they praised him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient shape [v. 100 to 125.]

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorship no better, he should not have written at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the

natural bent of his disposition, which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* so strongly, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing else. For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless,

*Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him, without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was *his* peculiar ill-fortune to create a Jealousy in One, whom, not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support. On the contrary, that otherwise amiable Person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education, a party man; and, by circumstances of fortune, beset with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded our Author as his Rival, set up by a contrary Faction, with views destructive of publick liberty, and that person's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongst the Wits; but still kept retired in his usual privacy; leaving *the whole Castalian State*, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mecenas, whom he next describes [v. 124 to 261.]

And, struck with the sense of that *dignity* and *ease* which support the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty inseparable from it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a descrip-

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

tion of his temper and disposition [v. 260 to 271.]

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an *Author*: as if he had neither the same right to the enjoyments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on: namely, to the *suspensions* and the *displeasure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at least to the foolish *criticisms* of court sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribler: though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence.

*Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.*

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime. That the sole object of his resentment was *vice* and *baseness*: In the detestation of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of *that* by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of one who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner [v. 270 to 334.]

And here, moved again with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but *VIRTUE* was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which

having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all, [v. 333 to 360]

*The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last.*

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm, and desires him to clear up one objection made to his conduct at Court. "That it was inhumane to insult the poor, and ill breeding to affront the great." To which he replies, That indeed, in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing-Room [v. 359 to 368.]

But lest this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable Virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances, a pretence to *Virtue* in a *witty Woman*: so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal Enemy*: so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad Poets*: and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his Father and Mother* [v. 367 to 388.]

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his Friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist.

*Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the Cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one Parent from the sky.*

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT. 9

And now this incomparable Poem which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY. [v. 387. to the end.]

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,
BEING THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd
I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water; they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

10 P R O L O G U E .

No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd Walls?
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause.
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)

V A R I A T I O N S .

After v. 20 in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
 Is there a 'Prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise--

N O T E S .

VER. 12. *Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.*] The beauty of this line arises from the figurative terms of the *predicate* alluding to the *subject*. A secret, in elegant expression, which our author often practised.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

VER. 23. *Arthur.*] Arthur Moore, Esq.

TO THE SATIRES. 11

What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma † either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
 I fit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
 "The Piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge.*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the *Widow*, to hear his *well-penn'd* *stanzas*.

VER. 38. *honest anguish*,] i. e. real pity for mistaken talents.

Ibid. *an aching head* ;] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with.

ALLUSION.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires

Easy my unpremeditated Verse, Milton.

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : " You know his Grace,
" I want a Patron ; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

" Dare you refuse him ? Curl invites to dine,

" He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me ! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55

" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, " Furies, death and rage !"

If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my Stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,

" And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :

" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks ; 65

At last he whispers, " Do ; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60 in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

N O T E S.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in *Horat.* l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libell'd Cæsar also. See notes on *Hor. Sat.* 10. l. i. P.

TO THE SATIRES. 13

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76
 Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
 You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *'Tis sung, when Midas', &c.*] The Poet means sung by *Perfius*; and the words alluded to are,

*Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!
 Auriculas Asini Mida Rex habet.*

The transition is fine, but obscure; for he has here imitated the *manner* of that mysterious writer, as well as taken up his *image*. Our author had been hitherto complaining of the folly and importunity of *indigent* Scriblers; he now insinuates he suffered as much of both, from Poetasters of *Quality*.

VER. 72. *Queen.*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden's Fables*. P.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:]*
 i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

14 PROLOGUE

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, Box, and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?

ALLUSION.

VER. 88. *Si fractus illabatur orbis,*
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor. P.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *The creature's at his dirty work again,*] This direct *metamorphosis*, as it were, of the Scribler into a *Spider*, is much more poetical than a *comparison* would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here, every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *spin*; not from the *head* [reason] but from the *guts* [passions and prejudices] and such a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moor?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.

TO THE SATIRES. 15

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye"—

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe;
 And others roar aloud, "Subseribe, subseribe."
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *Sir, you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

16 P R O L O G U E

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago:
 Why did I write? what sin to me unknown. 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After v. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl * admire,
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire †:
 And for my head if you'll the truth excuse,
 I had it from my Mother †, not the Muse.
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl set up his head for a sign. † His Father
 was crooked. ‡ His Mother was much afflicted with
 head-achs.

N O T E S.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He used to say, that
 he began to write verses further back than he could
 remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's
Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely;
 it was followed by Sandys' *Ovid*; and the raptures
 these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of
 them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at
 school at Hyde-park-corner, where he was much ne-
 glected, and suffered to go to the Comedy with the
 greater boys, he turned the transactions of the *Iliad*
 into a Play, made up of a number of speeches from
 Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of

TO THE SATIRES. 17

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.
 But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;

NOTES.

his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax; and contrived to have all the actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite *Ogilby*. At twelve he went with his Father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic Poem, the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and a Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the Legend of *St. Genowieve*. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges & praelia*, &c.

VER. 130. *no father disobey'd,*] When Mr. Pope was yet a Child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.*

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head, 140
 And *St. John's* ſelf (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
 From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

N O T E S.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*; tho' a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds belov'd); at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confin'd it to that time when he writ the *Poſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of cenſure in the lines following,

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe, &c. P.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Ibid. Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.] By no means Authors of the ſame claſs, though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtakes. But if the firſt offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe.

TO THE SATIRES. 19

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a Dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Comma's and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*:

NOTES.

VER. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces: The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like childrens delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally managed, and artfully disposed, might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream,*] Is a verse of Mr. Addison. P.

Ibid. *A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windsor-Forest*.

VER. 163. *these ribalds,*] How deservedly this title

20 P R O L O G U E

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166

N O T E S.

is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts*.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West, and its tail, *verbal criticism*, was, of course, to rise with it; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his Countrymen, *J. Lascaris* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic, afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It has been since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a Linguist, that, *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school: And even since it has been found out, that *Pope* had *no invention*, and is only a Poet by courtesy. For though time has strip'd the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier Ribalds raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West: insomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse in *Perfius*, no one knew but God and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in excess of Veneration for Antiquity, be-

TO THE SATIRES. 21

Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

NOTES.

came a real Pagan, rais'd altars to Romulus, and sacrific'd to the Gods of Latium: in which he was followed by our countryman, *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the costliness of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought Ciceronians carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias*, great overgrown Epistles. But *ERASMUS* cured their frenzy by that masterpiece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

His son *Joseph*, and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have rais'd modern learning to a rivalship with the ancient? Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another? The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were, *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first, a monster of ignorance; and the other, a slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot. But so great was his love of sacred amity at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiocy, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships—Je ne cesse de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié.* The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que notre Eusebe sera un trésor des merveilles de la doctrine*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

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Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

N O T E S.

Chronologique. But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his Bookseller of his own Person. This Bookseller was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press; and desired the Author would give him directions concerning his Picture, which was to be set before the book. *Julius's* answer (as it stands in his collection of Letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of *Massinissa*, *Xenophon*, and *Plato*, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmasius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself: as *Mr. Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, *Mess. Gaulman* and *Maussac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head against all the learned in Europe: To which the great *Salmasius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M. *Maussac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Vossius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and one whom I should have thought, this Critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable *PRISCIAN*, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urceus* went further, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quod nam ego tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex

TO THE SATIRES. 23

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, 171
But wonder how the devil they got there.

NOTES.

" animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, ne ve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair.

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved, however, to be put into better company. The following Words of Cicero describe him not amiss. " Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et sollers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

VER. 166. *Pretty! in amber to observe the forms, &c.*] Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his Friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet: the liquid *Amber* of whose Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled such a quantity of these *Insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive. Such as the Rev. Dr. *Zachary Grey*, *Thomas Edwards*, Esq; and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS GIBBER.—As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired; for the most detestable things in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, become pleasing, when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought: for though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists entombed*, a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left: 184
 And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190

N O T E S.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:*] The Poets.

VER. 174. *I gave them but their due.*] Our Author always found those he commended, less *sensible* than those he reprov'd. The reason is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought, they had no more.

VER. 180. — *a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian tales*. P.

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] An accident frequent, and common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himself out of his *own meaning*; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. *All these, my modest Satire bade translate,*]

TO THE SATIRES. 25

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;

NOTES.

See their works, in the Translations of classical books
by several hands. P.

VER. 190. *nine such Poets, &c.*] Alluding, not to
the nine Muses, but to nine Taylors.

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself was
safe.*] This an artful preparative for the following
transition; and finely obviates what might be thought
unfavourable of the severity of the satire, by those
who were strangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. *but were there One whose fires, &c.*] Our
Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year
1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the
marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant
intercourse of good offices, Mr. Addison was always
commending moderation; warned his friend against
a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for
his indiscreet zeal, The translation of the Iliad being
now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and
joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription;
but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be con-
tent with the applause of one half the nation. On
the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest
his own (see note on Ver. 215. 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.)
and, when Dennis so brutally attacked the Tragedy
of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called, *A narrative of his
madness.*

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing re-
putation, and superior genius in Poetry, gave um-
brage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was
he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in
their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite,
who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and, un-
der an affected care for the Government, would have
hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his dis-

26 P R O L O G U E

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

N O T E S.

gust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosycrucian System*. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a severe critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and

TO THE SATIRES. 27

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200

NOTES.

numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed; which was the *CHARACTER*, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

Ibid. but were there One whose fires, &c.] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope, he says, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric poetry to its perfection.

TO THE SATIRES. 29

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,

Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,

On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

I fought no homage from the race that write;

I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight: 220

NOTES.

VER. 2. 3. *Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?*] While such a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be considered together; and if the assemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired, than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. *ATTICUS*] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it, was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack-Booksellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 219. *On wings of winds came flying all broad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. P.

30 P R O L O G U E

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great GEORGE ! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso* puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,

V A R I A T I O N S.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god,

N O T E S.

VER. 236. — *a true Pindar stood without a head*]
 Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urfin. &c.* P.

TO THE SATIRES. 31

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Buso* still! 250
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the *Great*, for those they take away, 255
And those they left me; for they left me *GAY*;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and *QUEENSEB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn!

NOTES.

VER. 248. —*help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality. P.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman, &c.*] Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the *Great*, our Poet was candid enough to confess, that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their private distresses generally may. For (when uninfected by the neighbourhood of Party) he speaks of those necessities much more dispassionately.

“ Our Ministers like Gladiators live,

“ 'Tis half their business blows to ward, or give;

“ The good their Virtue would effect, or Sense,

“ Dies between Exigents and Self-defence.” MS.

Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261
 (To live and die is all I have to do:)
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs,
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270
 Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

V A R I A T I O N S.

After Ver. 270. in the MS

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them
 still:
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
 The World I knew, but made it not my School*,
 And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By not making the *World his School*, he means, he did not form his system of morality on the principles or practice of men in business.

N O T E S.

VER. 265. — *tho' I condescend, &c.*] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an honest Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy*: for of what *Ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French Writer

TO THE SATIRES. 33

Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 "I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will; 277
 "No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will*, or *Bubo* makes. 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
 A. You did so lately, was it understood?
 P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
 As rumbling *D* s or a Norfolk hound;
 With *GEORGE* and *FRED'RIC* roughen ev'ry verse,
 Then smooth up all, and *CAROLINE* rehearse.
 A. No — the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
 Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth day Odes.
 On themes like these, superior far to thine,
 Let laurell'd *Cibber*, and great *Arnal* shine.
 P. Why write at all? — A. Yes, silence if you
 keep,
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces
 weep.

NOTES.

says well on this occasion—Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.

VER. 273. —or, *to be grave*, &c.] This important truth, concerning the *Soul*, was always so present with him, that, in his more serious hours he used to say, *That he was certain of its immortality, that he seemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.*

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my*

Curſt be the verſe, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

N O T E S.

Style ?] The diſcovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great ſkill in the nature of compoſition. But, in the practice of theſe Critics, knowing an Author by his ſtyle, is like judging of a man's whole perſon from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertiſement* to the firſt edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating that, “ it “ was by a different hand from the other, and found “ in detached pieces, incorrect and unfiniſhed,” I objected to him the affectation of uſing ſo unpromiſing an attempt to miſlead his reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taſte ; that, moſt commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in faſhion ; who took the lead, and who ſometimes have intruded on the Town the dulleſt performances, for works of wit : while, at the ſame time, ſome true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath paſſed by the public eye, unobſerved or neglected : That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with ſucceſs, in the *Eſſay on Man* : which was at firſt given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Deſaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Pa- get, and, in ſhort, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this ſame Public, when let into the ſecret, would, for ſome time after, ſuffer no poem with a moral title, to paſs for any man's but his. So the *Eſſay on human Life*, the *Eſſay on Reaſon*, and many others of a worſe tendency, were very liberally beſtowed upon him.

This, and a great deal more he added on the ſame occaſion, and aſſured me, that his *new Dunciad* would be full as well underſtood. He was not miſtaken. This *fourth book*, the moſt ſtudied and highly finiſhed of all his Poems, was eſteemed *obſcure*, (a name which, in exceſs of modeſty, the reader gives to what

TO THE SATIRES.

35

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285

Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,

Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,

Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,

Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290

That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,

Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,

And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;

NOTES.

he does not understand) and but a faint imitation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had himself the malicious pleasure to hear this judgment passed on his favourite work, by several of his acquaintance; a pleasure more to his taste than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying to him. Of which he gave me another instance, that afforded him much diversion. While these Acquaintance read the *Essay on Man* as the work of an unknown Author, they fairly owned they did not understand it: but when the reputation of the poem became secured by the knowledge of the Writer, it soon grew so clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the *Comment* on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor should think a large and minute interpretation necessary.

VER. 293 --- *selfishly approve*,] Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own heart or understanding.

VER. 294. *And show the sense of it without the love*;] i. e. will never suffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *esteem* for him to whom it belongs.

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

N O T E S.

VER. 295, 296. *Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;*]

When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our country, from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference. Horace warned his friend against this excessive selfishness, not to say, baseness of mind;

“ Ad penitùs notum si tentent crimina, serves,

“ Tuterisque tuo fidenter tuo praesidio: qui

“ Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid

“ Ad te post paulo ventura pericula sentis.”

A late Imitator of Horace, in the manner of Mr. Pope, has turned this with great elegance and spirit: which, because it so well suits the occasion, I shall here transcribe.

“ But should the man in whom (rare union!) shine

“ Wit's glowing graces, Reason's spark divine,

“ Whose modest manners virtue's self approves,

“ Whom Wisdom leads through Learning's in-
 most groves,

“ Stand the fierce rage of envy's motley train,

“ The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain,

THE SATIRES. 37

Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie;
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
 Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of
 filk, 305
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
 Satire or Sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 310
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

NOTES.

- " Arise! and nobly feeling for your Friend,
 - " His morals vindicate, his fame defend,
 - " Till bursting through the cloud, with bright'ning ray
 - " Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day."
- , 18 E. 1. L. imitated by Mr. Neville.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*
 Meaning the man who would have persuaded the
 Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those cir-
 cumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr.
 Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning
 this matter. P.

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad, 320
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. *Half froth*,] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

TO THE SATIRES. 39

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. " I intend to send you two or three poems of " Mr. Pope, the best Poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted " enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of " all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior " to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace ; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, " so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, " and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this " little performance." MS. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :*] This may be said no less in commendation of his literary, than of his moral character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay ; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him : *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus : unum ne tentes quod effici non possit ; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, Dryden ; who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Absalom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry ; but, unluckily, he seem'd neither to understand nor attend to it.

[*Ibid.* *But stoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falcon-

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow-unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead ; 355

N O T E S.

ry ; and the allusion to one of those untam'd birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *swoops to*, its prey.

VER. 343. *He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,*] His ranking the *timid friend*, with one of the highest evils of life, a *furious foe*, has great justness and dignity of sentiment : for, with the *timid friend*, he had to combat the false maxims of prudence, which such a friend would have to object to him ; and these could not be handled as they deserved, without detecting the low, paltry views of the adviser, covered over with the name of Friendship.

VER. 350. *The lie so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*. P.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him,*

TO THE SATIRES. 41

The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S Ear—

Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past;

For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state: 361

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,

A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365

If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,

He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

NOTES.

spread,] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 356. *The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *Greatness* in the following line:

“Rain *sacrificial* *whisp'rings* in his ear.”

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of expression! which, in one word, conveys to us the *physical* effects of sound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated slander.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady *Virtue*, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride; but Friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfed's* lie.
 To please his Mistress, one aspers'd his life ; 376
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless Youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit :
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid ;
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did :
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

N O T E S.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

VER. 375. *Welfed's lie*.] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published, that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos ; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds* : the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for *Homer*, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever. P.

TO THE SATIRES. 43

Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of *Dr. Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author.

P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*;) Alluding to *Tindal's Will*: by which and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

P.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, *Mr. Pope's Father* was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a *Nobleman*) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: and the following line,

“Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,”
 had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. *Mr. Pope's Father* was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsay——His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family——Mr.

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore* ! 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood, (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune pray ?—

P. Their own, 390
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the Throne.

N O T E S.

Pope died in 1717, aged 75 ; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham in Middlesex :

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPAILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

P.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune pray ?*] His Friend's personating *the Town* in this place, and assuming its impertinent curiosity, gives great spirit to the ridicule of the question.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato ; who, when he came near their city, found their youth under arms, and the magistrates in their robes of office. On which, alighting in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the Master of the ceremonies came up ; and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner ; “ Stranger, how far off is Demetrius ?”

TO THE SATIRES. 45

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try, 396
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less Joy than I.
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

V A R I A T I O N S.

After Ver. 405. in the MS.
 And of myself, too, something must I say?
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
 And if it live, it lives but to commend
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
 Or head, an author; Critic, yet polite,
 And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

N O T E S.

Now this Demetrius (says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me WHAT HE WAS WORTH; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilas the Bythinian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.

46 P R O L O G U E, &c.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my
friend, 415

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.

A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

N O T E S.

VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. *A Whether that blessing, &c.*] He makes his Friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.

ADVERTISEMENT

SATIRES
AND
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

AND A HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE

ART OF PRINTING

IN GREAT BRITAIN

FROM THE FIRST

INVENTION OF THE

ART TO THE PRESENT

STATE OF THE ART

SATIRE

AND

EPITOME

OF

HORACE

IMITATED

INDICATE SPECIALLY OF THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The *Satires* of Dr. *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a true *Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*,

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Occasion of publishing these Letters was the Complaint raised on some of my Papers. An Answer from Mr. A. was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. D., seemed a good Way what indignation and contempt a Christian may meet Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Public, and likewise under whom they lived. The Letters of Dr. D. were I verily, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Somerset, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vice, as any Reflection on those they served. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satire for a Libel; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libel, for the same reason as to a man who writes nothing is so hateful as a Libel.

This account I trust will give you Satisfaction. I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant.

1704. IV.

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T H E
FIRST SATIRE OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE
I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious when Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented, with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitation, which is of the nature of *Parody*, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebatî,
Quid faciam? praeferibe.

T. ^d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, si non

Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

NOTES.

VER. 3. Scarce to wife Peter—Chartres] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators; and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius in lamenting the severity of his Pen.

A.
US.

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

▪ There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

▪ The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

▪ I come to Council learned in the Law:

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

19

F. ^dI'd write no more.

P. Nor write? but then I think,

▪ And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not so much lie in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the Person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 11. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

Peream male, si non

Optimum erat,

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of

verum nequeo dormire.

T. ^f Ter uncti

Transnanto, Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

§ Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, ^b multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: ⁱ neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parti*.

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,

NOTES.

For conciseness, when it is clear, (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.— But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 20. *Hartshorn*] This was intended as a plea-fantry on the novelty of the prescription.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he in a Letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Just so, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian,

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife: 16

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettice and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR'S Praise,
You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30

Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

NOTES.

thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetaasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horse?* The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France fled before him.

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret: 'nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Caesaris* aurem:

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentamnuve nepotem?

• Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus* et
odit.

H. ° Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

• Castor gaudit equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. • Me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Abuse the City's best good men in metre,*] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. *What should ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next*; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham pye;*] This lover of Ham-pye own'd the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him.

Sat. I. OF HORACE. 57

P. 'Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. "Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
"Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. "Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
PF--- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50
"I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all else, as one Egg to another.*]
This has neither the justness nor elegance of

"ovo prognatus eodem:"

For though it may appear odd, that those *who come from the same Egg*, should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, *unlike in all things else*, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.*]
They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech; and to profess saying what they

58 IMITATIONS Book II.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam

Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. Sequor hunc, † Lucanus an Appulus, an-
ceps:

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,

Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;

Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum

Incuteret violenta.] † Sed hic stylus haud petit ultro

Quemquam animantum, et me veluti custodiet ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

N O T E S.

thought. Montagne had many qualities, which have gained him the love and esteem of his Readers: the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, “ Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et saepius, cum periculo etiam suo. Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quae dicere ipsi noluisent.”

VER. 56. *the Medium must be clear.*] Alluding to a fountain of limpid water, through which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
 My foes shall with my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 ' Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 ' Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

NOTES.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

" Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim

" Credebat libris," &c.

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he said,

" Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!" &c.

VER. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, &c.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and awkwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably improved, in a lively character of himself, and his writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my weapon.*] In these words our

* Tutus ab infestis latronibus à * O pater et rex

Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec quisquam noceat * cupido mihi pacis! at ille,

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

* Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

NOTES.

Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology; which is to this purpose: Nature, says he, has given all creatures the means of offence and defence: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates his claim to this his natural weapon, *Satire*, he shews its moral use; it was to expose the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for *informing*, Canidia for *poisoning*, and Turius for *passing sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

VER. 7. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors; &c.]*
Superior to,

“ tutus ab infestis latronibus,”

which only carries on the metaphor in

“ ————— ensis

“ Vagina tectus;”

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

NOTES.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their ships, and entrusted with their concerns abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army! &c.*] “ Une Maladie nouvelle” (says the admirable Author *de L'esprit des Loix*) “ s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre de soldonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient nécessairement contagieuse. Car si tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de facon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples etoient en danger d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est elle si ruinée, que les particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses & le commerce de tout l'univers; & bientôt, à force d'avoir de soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares.”

1 Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
 Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes,
 2 Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperet hoc Natura potens; sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum? 3 Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?
 Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
 bos)
 Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

4 Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
 Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
 Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;

NOTES.

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original: But it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

“Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;” yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the character or history of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

Y Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

2 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

a So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

b Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,

Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,

Or Death's black wing already he display'd, 95

To wrap me in the universal shade;

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,

Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:

NOTES.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

VER. 93—96. *Whether Old age—shade*] The Original is more finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our Author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room — Or whiten'd wall —*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original.

“ Quisquis erit vitæ color.”

c Quisquis erat vitae, scribam, color.

T. d O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

H. • Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

NOTES.

VER. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace; and is so still with our witty Neighbours; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines:

“ Eh! Que fait-on? Un simple badinage,
 “ Mal entendu d’un Prude, ou d’un Sot,
 “ Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage:
 “ Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu’un Bigot.”

VER. 104. *Will club their Testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it, as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true, His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety.

Sat. I. OF HORACE.

65

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 'Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. 'Alas, young man! your days can ne'er belong;
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 'What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the
 pen, 105

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain 110

Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

NOTES.

VER. 105—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, &c.*] This is not only superior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just *Satire* is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of Church or State.

VER. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden.*] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.

Ibid. *Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Laelius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, et qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet ^b *UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.*
^b *Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant*
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

NOTES.

Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

“Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,”

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homer. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design: for so great a Genius (he said) ought not to be confined to Translation. He always used Mr Pope civilly; and would often express his concern, that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer, he was solely

Sat. I. OF HORACE.

67

And I not ^fstrip the gilding off a Knave, 115

Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:

Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave

Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120

¶ TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,

The World beside may murmur, or commend.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep,

Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

¶ There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125

Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl

The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul:

NOTES.

indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a year were then at his service: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension, without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a Pro-

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque ; tamen me

i Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque

Invidia ; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem

Offendet solido :

* nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

T. Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum,

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

NOTES.

posal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200l. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot, which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: But the Precariousness of that supply, made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

VER. 129. *And HE, whose lightning, &c.]* Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P.

VER. 133. *Envy must own, &c.]* Horace makes the point of Honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great;

“ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
“ Invidia.”

And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—

What saith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

N O T E S.

Our Poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the foot of an honest man.—He prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a Letter to Dr. Swift. “To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeas- ed them, is a greater.” *Lett. vii. Jan. 12, 1723.*

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.] Si mala con- diderit*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. “L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit le plus les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits Souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mepriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu'à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Aris-

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

m " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
" Judiciumque."

H. Esto, si quis *n* mala. Sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

" tocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits satiriques."
De L'Esprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150, 151. *Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! But grave Epistles, &c.*] The legal objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

—" Esto, si quis mala, sed bona si quis —"

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the *integer ipse* of the Original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epistles* could justify the attack.

Sat. I. OF HORACE.

71

Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

VER. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

“Solventur risu tabulae.”

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as Sir ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is alter'd*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint, that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had long been a Client to him and his uncle, to confess *the Case was alter'd*?

THE
SECOND SATIRE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

OF
HORACE.

Vol. IV.

E

S A T I R A II.

^a **Q**UAE virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic sermo; sed quae praecepit
Ofellus,

Rusticus, ^d *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassa*que Minerva)
Discite, ^e non inter lances *mensaque nitentes*;
Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:

^e Verum hic *imprudens* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum Graecari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Sed te discus agit, pede cedentem aëro dilco:
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem*: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. ⁱ Foris est promus, et atrum

N O T E S.

VER. 5, and 6.—*a* gilt Buffet's reflected Pride,
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;]
More forcibly and happily expressed than the original
acclinis falsis; though that be very elegant.

I.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

^a **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the
Art

To live on little with a cheerful heart;

^b (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.

^e Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

^d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

^h Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

ⁱ Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL. The same to whom several of
Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Defendens pisces hiemat mare : cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas, aut
 Quî partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in *teipso* est. Tu pulmentaria quaere
 Sudando. Pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.

* Vix tamen eripiam, posito *parvone*, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum ;
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda :
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
 ista

Quam laudas, pluma ? coctove num adest honor
 idem ?

Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa ;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
 Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci ? laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum ; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse
 est.

Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse *lupos* ? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

^m Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,

NOTES.

VER: 25. *Oldfield*.] This eminent Glutton ran
 through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year
 in the simple luxury of good eating.

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15

The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

¹Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men

Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,

Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

¹Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,

(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)

Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess ?

Because God made these large, the other less.

ⁿOldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25

Cries " Send me, Gods ! a whole Hog barbecu'd !"

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A West Indian term of Gluttony ; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madera wine. P.

■ Praesentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia : quamquam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum sollicitat stomachum ; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidus mavult *inulas*. ° Necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum : nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî praeconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. Quid ? tum rhombos minus aequora ale-
bant ?

▷ Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. Ergo
¶ Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *affas*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana* *juventus*.

° Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice : nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. † Avidienus
‡ Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret.

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Ob blast it, South-winds !*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion of the original, *coquite*.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head* ;] A famous Eating-house.
P.

VER. 43. *Or ew'n to crack live Crawfish*] There is force and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

Sat. II. OF HORACE. 79

Oh blast it, ^a South-winds ! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink ? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :
^e Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see ;
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity ! 36
^p The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
 Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40
^q Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;
 Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend ;
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
^r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other :
 Between Excess and Famine lies a mean ;
 Plain, but not sordid ; tho' not splendid, clean.
^s Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) 50

NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,*
 &c.] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity
 to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have
 learnt.

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;

▪ Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum* ; et

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum

▪ *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri

Caulibus instillat, x *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum

Utrum imitabitur ? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

▪ Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ▪ Hic neque *servis*

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit

Saevus erit ; nec fit ut simplex b *Naevius*, *unctam*

Convivis praebebit *aquam* : vitium hoc quoque mag-
num.

▪ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum

Afferat. d In primis valeas bene ; nam variae res,

Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,

Quae simplex e *oleum* tibi federit. At simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis ;

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

" One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some " lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)

At such a feast, * old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :

Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

‡ He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;

Nor † stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;

Nor lets, like q Nævius, ev'ry error pass,

65

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

c Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :

(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing.)

‡ First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry
dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,

And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft * the School-boy's simple fare,

The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. ^f Vides, ut pallidus omnis
 Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
 Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.

‡ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.
 ▮ Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
 Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus*: ubique
 Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. ⁱ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
 Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

‡ *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia
 nasus

Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes

NOTES.

VER. 79, 80. *The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.*
 Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the im-

Sat. II. OF HORACE. 83

How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast! 76
 What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
 The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. 80
 On morning wings how active springs the Mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
 How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
 How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?
 Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
 Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
 And more the sickness of long life, Old age:
 For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90
 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

NOTES.

mortality of the soul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

“ affigit humo divinae particulam auræ.”

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of Rhyme;*] A fine ridicule on the extravagance of hu-

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. Hos utinam
inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

“ Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine* gratior aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una ⁿ eum *damno dedecus*, adde
“ Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egentè
“ As, *laquei* pretium.

“ Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego *vestigalia* magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,
Quod *superat* non est *melius quo* insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare

NOTES.

man pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

VER. 117, 118. *Ob impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?*]

“ Cur egit indignus quisquam, te divite?”
is here admirably paraphrased. And it is observable

Sat. II. OF HORACE.

83

Not so : a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96

'Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
" That sweetest music to an honest ear ; 100

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song),

Who has not learn'd, " fresh sturgeon and ham pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy !

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105

Curs'd by thy " neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name ;

And p buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

" " Right," cries his Lordship, " for a rogue in need

" To have a Taste is insolence indeed :

" In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let " Bounty spread her ray, 115

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?

N O T E S.

in these *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the sentiments of Horace, he rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of Ambition, all his Writings bear such marks, that it gave Countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying

* *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur, improbe, carae*

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

* O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

* Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

* Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus

Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc * *accisis*. Videas *metato* in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta.

NOTES.

finely. But if ever there was an Original in Poetry it was Pope. But his fancy was so corrected by his judgment, and his imitation so spirited by his genius, that what he *improved* struck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he *invented*.

VER. 122. *As M**o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill-placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

“Cur, Improbe! carae

“Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.”

Sat. II. OF HORACE. 87

Shall half the ' new-built churches round thee fall ?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall :
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent, 121
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

' Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And ' who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with 'little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

* Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of Thousands, than if now *Excis'd*;

In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

NOTES.

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party ; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus :

" quare

" *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum ?*"

which oblique Panegyrick the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire.

VER. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.] Mr.*

Quidquam, praeter ^a *olus* fumosae cum pede pernae.
 Ac mihi seu ^b *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
 Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
 Sed *pullo* atque *boedo*: tum ^c *penfiliis* *uva* secundas
 Et *nux* ornabat mensas, cum *duplice* *ficu*.
 Post hoc ludus erat ^d *cuppa* potare magistra:
 Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.
^e *Saeviat* atque novos moveat *Fortuna* tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,
 aut *vos*,
 O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ^f *novus incola* venit?

NOTES.

Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

VER. 150. *And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.*] The pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives.

Content with little, I can piddle here
 On * brocoli and mutton, round the year ;
 But † antient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 *Tis true, no † Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
 own :

* From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall : 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;
 The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine :
 Then † chearful healths (your Mistress shall have
 place)

And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after † Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ; 155
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? through whose free-op'ning
 gate

None comes too early, none departs too late ;

NOTES.

But it contains, too, a sober reproof of people of
 condition, for their unmanly and brutal disuse of so
 natural a duty.

Nam ^d *propriae telluris herum natura neque illum,*
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. Nos expulit ille ;
 Illum aut ^e *nequities aut ^f vafri inſcitia juris,*
 Poſtremum expellet certe & *vivacior heres.*
^h Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Ofelli*
 Dictus erat : nulli proprius ; ſed credit in uſum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁱ Quocirca vivite fortes,
 Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTE 3.

VER. 165. *Well, if the uſe be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he ſays, “ My Landlady, Mrs. Vernon, being dead, this “ Garden and Houſe are offered me in ſale ; and, I “ believe (together with the cottages on each ſide “ my graſs-plot next the Thames) will come at about “ a thouſand pounds. If I thought any very parti- “ cular friend would be pleaſed to live in it after my “ death (for, as it is, it ſerves all my purpoſes as well, “ during life) I would purchaſe it ; and more parti- “ cularly could I hope two things ; that the Friend “ who ſhould like it, was ſo much younger and “ healthier than myſelf, as to have a proſpect of its “ continuing his, ſome years longer than I can of “ its continuing mine. But moſt of thoſe I love are “ travelling out of the world, not into it ; and un- “ leſs I have ſuch a view given me, I have no vanity “ nor pleaſure that does not ſtop ſhort of the grave.”— So that we ſee (what ſome who called themſelves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in proſe and verſe were the ſame.

VER. 170. *Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir.*] The expreſſion well deſcribes the ſurprize an heir muſt

Sat. II. OF HORACE. 91

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going Guest.) 165
 " Pray Heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT) as you go on ;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's d *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to e Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or in pure f equity (the case not clear)
 'The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 h Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;
 And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
 i Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
 Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

N O T E S.

be in to find himself excluded by that Instrument which was made to secure his succession, For Butler humorously defines a *Jointure* to be the act whereby Parents

" ———turn

" Their Childrens Tenants, ere they're born."

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villers Duke of Buckingham. P.

VER. 179 *Let lands and houses, &c.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble : but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
^b Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis
^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.
^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;
 Solve ^g senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste*:

“ Load some vain Church with old theatric state,
 “ Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden gate.”

I.

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why ^b will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.

Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
 See Modest ^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Gen'als now, ^d retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.

^f A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g Muse take
 " breath,

" And never gallop Pegasus to death;
 " Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 " You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
 " horse."

NOTES.

VER. 10. *ev'n in Brunswick's cause.*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cause*. But the terms are synonymous.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord May-*

Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:

Quid ⁱ verum atque *deccens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc sum:

^k Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim,

Ac ne forte roges, ^lquo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

^m Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor ⁿ *civilibus undis*,

Virtutis verae custos, ^o *rigidusque satelles*:

NOTES.

or's horse.] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. P.

VER. 26. *And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.*] *i. e.* Chuse either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these Writers as the best Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: *Montagne* excelling in his ob-

EP. I. OF HORACE. 97

Farewel then ^b Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All: 20
To lay this ^k harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But aſk not, to what ^l Doctōrs I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the ^m ſtorm, at any door I knock: 25
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true: 30
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;

NOTES.

ſervations on ſocial and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

VER. 30. *Still true to Virtue—with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,*] It was the Poet's purpoſe in this place to give us the picture of his own mind, not that of Horace's; who tells us, he ſometimes went with *Zeno*, and ſometimes with *Ariſtippus*; the extremes of whoſe different Systems, Tully thus juſtly cenſures: " Ut quoniam *Ariſtippus*, quaſi animum nullum habemus, corpus ſolum tuetur; *Zeno*, quaſi corporis ſimus expertes, animum ſolum complectitur." But neither Truth nor Decency would ſuffer our Poet to ſay, that, to ſuit himſelf to the times, he went into either of theſe follies. To ſhew us therefore that he took no more from the Stoics than their ſincerity and warmth for the intereſts of Virtue, he compares himſelf to a Friend, in whom he obſerved that warmth. And by joining St. Paul with *Ariſtippus* he would in-

Nunc in * Aristippi † *furtim* praecepta relabor,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

¶ Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque

Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:

Sic mihi tarda † fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae spem

Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter † id, quod

Aeque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* aequae,

Aeque neglectum *pueris*, *senibusque* nocebit.

† *Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam † *solerque elementis*:

‡ Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

NOTES.

sinuate, that he took no more from the Cyrenaic sect than a charitable compliance to occasions, for the benefit of his neighbour. Thus in serving himself of his Friend, to temper the rigidity of one sect of Philosophy, while the Apostle is employed to rectify the looseness of the other, he brings Mr. *Lyttelton* and St. *Paul* acquainted; for those who correct opposite extremes must needs meet; and so we see the *Patriot* in a new point of view; which is, in a virtuous accommodation of himself to seasons and circumstances.

VER. 32. Indulge my candor—Back to my native Moderation slide.] An honest and artful insinuation,

EP. I. OF HORACE.

99

Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

¶ Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35

Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,

Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,

When the brisk Minor pants for Twenty-one:

So slow th' ^r unprofitable moments roll,

That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40

That keep me from myself; and still delay

Life's instant business to a future day:

That talk, which as we follow, or despise,

The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45

And which not done, the richest must be poor.

¶ Late as it is, I put myself to school,

And feel some ^u comfort, not to be a fool.

¶ Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of fight,

Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50

NOTES.

that though Parties in the State prosecute their ends on ever so true principles, and with ever so good intentions, yet opposition is apt to make the most scrupulous leaders of them sometimes violate both *candor* and *moderation*. However, by the expression of *indulging his candor*, he would insinuate too, that, when he allowed the least to it, he never violated truth; and, by *sliding back to his native moderation*, that he always kept within the Bounds of Reason. — But the general sense of the whole passage is, that when he went with the Stoics, who advise a *public* life, the character of his *civil* virtue was *rigid*; when he went with the Cyrenaics, who encourage a *private*, that the character of his *social* was *indulgent*.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure*;] i. e. *Can want nothing*: badly expressed.

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire ^x tenuis, si non datur ultra.

^y Fervet Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus ?

Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Possis, et ^z magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes ? Sunt ^a certa *piacula*, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

^b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^c *amator* ;

Nemo ^d adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

^e Virtus est, vitium fugere ; et sapientia prima,

Stultitia caruisse. Vides, quae ^f maxima credis

NOTES.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mend—*] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man ; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy, which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, " There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the

I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to ^x go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ^y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can con-
troll

^zBetween the Fits this Fever of the Soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh ap-
ply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60
Be ^b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
^cSlave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch ^d Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

^e'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no ^f bugbear is so great,
As want of Figure, and a small Estate.

NOTES.

" most amiable companions, and the best friends, as
" well as the most learned men I know."

VER. 58. *Between the Fits*—] The sense of

" magnam morbi deponere partem,"

is here very happily expressed. And

" Ter pure lecto," &c.

in the following line, as happily varied. But the
whole passage, which describes the use and efficacy of
satire, is admirably imitated.

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,

Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,

Per s mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes;

Ne cures ^b ea, quae *stulte* miraris et optas,

Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?

Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax

Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,

Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

“ Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

“ O cives, cives! ^k quaerenda pecunia primum est;”

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!* Though this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty pursue, and keep pace with, the Miser in his flight.
“ Per mare *Pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.”

But what follows,

“ Wilt thou do nothing,” &c.

far surpasses the Original.

VER. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls, &c.*] All from hente to Ver. 110, is a pretty close translation: but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
^h Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
 There, London's voice: ^k "Get Money, Money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

NOTES.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

"Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which only says, *That as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue*: in which simple inferiority, and not the proportion of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object, *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now first appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge; I mean his extreme readiness, and unfeigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes: this, with

Virtus post nummos: haec ¹ *Janus summus* ab imo

Prodocet; haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

■ Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est ■ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,

° *Plebs* eris. P At pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

Si recte facies. Hic ¶ *murus abeneus esto*,

Nil *conscire* tibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

NOTES.

an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation, than any man I ever knew.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,*] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at the ear* of the Scrivener, describes the position it is usually found in, and alludes to the custom of the American canibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) instead of a quiver, for their *poison'd* arrows.

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
pounds;

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D^l, Their Honours, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry Child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

NOTES.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds,*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great Man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;*]

"Hic murus aheneus esto."

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient Scholiasts had not explained what

* Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est

Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et *Maribus* † *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?

† Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, “ Rem facias; rem,

“ Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.”

Ut † propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupî!

An, † qui fortunae te respondere superbae

Liberum et erectum, † *praesens* hortatur et aptat?

‡ Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur

Non, ut ‡ porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem;

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit:

Olim quod ‡ vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

NOTES.

Horace meant by *a wall of brass*; for, says Dacier, “ Chacun se fait des difficultez à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées à son goût:” he then sets himself in good earnest about this important enquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of Satire.

VER. 97. *And say, &c.*] These four Lines greatly superior to any thing in the Original.

* And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,
 Or what was spoke at CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
 * Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 " With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
 " Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
 " If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
 For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
 Or * he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through:
 And; * while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
 If * such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
 If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the * Palace than the Park:
 Faith, I shall give the answer * Reynard gave:
 " I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave: 115
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 " Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.*] This Expression is used for the joke's sake; but it hurts his *moral*; which is, that *they come out beasts*. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, *vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, &c.*] These two lines are intended for the Moral of a Fable which needed no explaining; so that they impair the *grace* of it; at best, as here applied, inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Aesop's Fables was pro-

^b *Bellua multorum est capitum.* Nam quid sequar,
aut quem?

Pars hominum gestit ^c conducere publica: sunt qui

^d Cruftis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

^e *Multis* occulto crescit res fenore. ^f Verum

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

^g Nullus in orbe sinus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit *dives*; ^h lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si ⁱ vitiosa *libido*

NOTES.

perly addressed: but this is too simple a method of conveying Truth to the well-dressed Rabble of St. James's.

VER. 126. *Their Country's Wealth our mightier Misers drain,*] The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public, on the Funds. They have been commonly accused of making it a job. But in so corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Ministry: it having been found, on trial, that the wisest and most virtuous citizen of this or any other Age, with every requisite talent in such matters, and supported by all the weight an honest administration could afford him, was, they say, unable to abolish this inveterate mystery of iniquity.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, &c.*] This is

EP. I. OF HORACE.

109

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
 The ^b People are a many-headed Beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their ^c Country's Wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
 Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn; 130
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, ^e hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r

To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job ^g sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,

"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

^h Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140

Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsey, or that ⁱ Dev'l within,

Which guides all those who know not what they
 mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; 145

NOTES.

very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

"Cui si vitiosa Libido

"Fecerit auspiciu;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time,
 no modern imitation can reach.

Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. ^k Lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita:

^l Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid ⁿ pauper? ride: mutat ^o coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, ^p tonfores; conducto navigio aequè

Nauseat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

^q Si curatus *inaequali* tonfore capillos

Occurro; rides. Si forte subucula pexae

Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga *dissidet impar;*

Rides. Quid, ^r mea cum pugnat *sententia* secum;

Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit,

^s Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;

^t Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?

^u Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec ^w *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere

" Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,

" For Snug's the word: My dear, we'll live in
" Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the ^k stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

'The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quar-
ter,

150

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch

Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }

Well, but the ⁿ Poor—The Poor have the same itch; }

They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News, 155

Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes,

Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run

(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;

They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,

Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^q You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,

My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;

You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,

White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!

But when ^r no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd, 165

Is half so incoherent as my Mind,

When (each opinion with the next at strife,

One ^s ebb and flow of follies all my life)

I ^t plant, root up; I build, and then confound;

Turn round to square, and square again to round;

^u You never change one muscle of your face, 171

You think this Madness but a common case,

Nor ^w once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;

Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!

Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175

Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.

A *praetore* dati; rerum ^x tutela mearum
 Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
 De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ^y minor est *Jove*, dives,
^zLiber, ^a honoratus, ^b pulcher, ^c rex denique regum;
 Praecipue sanus, ^d nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd,*] i. e. By the Public;
 which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and
 when she has, more rarely knows how to use it.

Is this my ^x Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd;
 Rich ^y ev'n when plunder'd, ^z honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd ^a without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
 At home, tho' exil'd; ^b free, tho' in the Tow'r;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ^c less than Jove, and much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—^d except (what's mighty odd)
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

▪ Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^b formidine nulla

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendship.

VER. 4. *Creech.*] From whose translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow’rs of
 speech,

So take it in the very Words of Creech.)

“This vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
 Self-center’d Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with his Skies,
 To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
 And view ^b this dreadful All without a fear. 10

NOTES.

VER. 6.---*Stars that rise and fall,*] The Original is
 “decedentia certis

“Tempora momentis;”

which words simply and literally signify, *the change of seasons*. But this change being considered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figurative terms of

“Stars that rise and fall,”

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

VER. 8.---*trust the Ruler with his Skies,—To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in these Imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loose morals, and absurd theology of his Original.

VER. 10. *And view this dreadful All without a fear.*] He has added this idea to his text; and it

Imbuti spectent. ^c Quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^d ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, ^e plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, ^f quo *sensu* credis et ore?

^g Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor est *utrobique* molestus;

Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque*:

^h Gaudeat, an doceat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

ⁱ Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniquui;

Ultra quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

NOTES.

greatly heightens the dignity of the whole thought. He gives the appellation of a *dreadful All*, because the immensity of God's creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrow corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with greater matters.

VER. 21. *In either case, believe me, we admire;*] i. e. These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown affect the mind; and consequently betray us into false judgments.

EP. VI. OF HORACE. 119

Admire we then what ^c Earth's low Entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of ^d Fools and Slaves for Gold?
 Or ^e Popularity? Or Stars and Strings?
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
 Say with what ^f eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the ^g pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we ^h joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
 For ⁱ Virtue's self may too much zeal be had; 26
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The curse is the same, (says he) *whether we joy or grieve.* Why so? Because in either case, the man is surpriz'd, hurried off, and led away captive.

" (The good or bad to one extreme betray
 " Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *snatch the Man away.*)" This happy advantage of the Imitation over the Original, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

VER. 27. *The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.*] Because when men are carried away by their Passions, as all Madmen are, he, who has joined the *cause of God to his own*, must needs do the most mischief; as this union gives him more additional vigour in the pursuit of his extravagancies, and impresses additional reverence for them on his Followers.

I nunc, argentum et marmor^l *vetus*, aeraque et
artes

Suspice: cum gemmis^m Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod spectant oculi teⁿ mille loquentem:

Gnavus p mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;

¶ Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus, et (indignum; quod fit pejoribus ortus)

¶ Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

¶ Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. ¶ Cum bene notum

NOTES.

VER. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.* This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a perfect piece. He speaks here of *false Taste*, as appears by his directions how to get it; and how to use it when got. *Procure a Taste*, says he: That is, of the *Virtuosi*; whose science you are to *buy* for that purpose: for *true Taste*, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raise and inflame it, by *doubling your surprize*. And this a *false Taste* will always do; there being none so given to raptures as the *Virtuoso-Tribe*: whereas the *Man of true Taste* finds but few things to approve; and those, he approves with moderation.

EP. VI. OF HORACE. 121

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on ^l Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright ^m Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ⁿ Council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
 From ^p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
 Shall ^r One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, con-
 spir'd 40
 To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
 Yet ^t Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:

NOTES.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken
 thine:]*

One of the noblest houses in Europe.--The Original is,

"Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

"Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;

Ire tamen restat, Numa v. quo devenit et Ancus.

w Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. x Vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

Hoc age *deliciis*.

y virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna? z cave ne portus occupet alter.

Ne Cibratica, ne Bythyna negotia perdas.

a Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

NOTES.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

VER. 57. *And desprate Misery* lays hold on *Dover*.] There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends on its contrast to that *slippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely *Quick-silver*.

I. EP. VI. OF HORACE.

123

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any Mortal let himself alone ? 55

See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the Mind's disease ;
There all Men may be cur'd whene'er they please.

Would ye be * blest ? despise low Joys, low Gains ; }
Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61 }

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,.

One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65

Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones ?

Fly * then on all the Wings of wild Desire,

Admire whate'er the maddest can admire :

Is Wealth thy passion ? Hence ! from Pole to Pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,

For Indian Spices, for Peruvian Gold, 71

Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold :

* Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies ;

On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise,

Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75

Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*]
The one he renounces, in his party-pamphlets ; the
other, in his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

Scilicet ^b uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ^c amicos,

Et genus, et formam, regina ^d Pecunia donat;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ^e Cappadocum rex.

Ne fueris hic tu. ^f Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot

habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domichlamydam: partem, vel tolleret omnes

^g Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *superfunt*,

NOTES.

VER. 81. *dubbb'd a Man of Worth.*] Alluding to the City Knighthoods, where *wealth* and *worship* go together.

VER. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play.*] The common Reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most

EP. VI. OF HORACE. 125

For, mark th' advantage ; just so many score
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^d Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
 (Believe me many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
 His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds ; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
 ¶ Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90
 A noble Superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves ;
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.

NOTES.

moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. Which defect in these Notes, the periodical Scribblers, however, have been stupid and shameless enough to object to them.

VER. 91. *A noble Superfluity, &c.*] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

“ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
 “ Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.”

Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. ^h Ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

ⁱ Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

^k *Mercemur* servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum

Qui fodicet latus, et ^l cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere : ^m Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :

Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,

Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde :

Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^o *facetus* adopta.

Si ^p bene qui coenat, bene vivit ; lucet, eamus

Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim

NOTES.

VER. 117. *And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.*] The Poet, has here, with admirable sense,

EP. VI. OF HORACE. 127

h If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

i But if to Power and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word; 100
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
“ This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 105
“ That makes three Members, this can chuse a
“ May’r.”

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him n Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. }

Or if your life be one continu’d Treat, 110
If P to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, ’tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So q Ruffel did, but could not eat at night, 115
Call’d happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy’d Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

NOTES.

and with a sublime of satire never to be equalled,
exposed what he elsewhere calls,

THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH:

which, in its rage to engross *all* the blessings of life,
without studying to deserve *any* of them, not only
dares suffer an honest man to continue poor, but is so
horribly mean and abject as to envy him the advan-
tages arising from his very Poverty: A degree of

Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

Emum mulus aprum. ⁊ Crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni; ⁊ remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;

Cui potior ⁊ patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

■ Si Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

NOTES.

corruption not so rare as detestable; though it has its root in our common nature, if the Poet has not done it injustice in the description he gives of its *pride* and *meannefs*:

“What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
“And little less than Angel, would be more;
“Now *looking downwards, just as griev’d appears*
“*To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.*”

VER. 126. *Wilmot.*] Earl of Rochester.

Or shall we ev'ry Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our
round,

Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 120

* K——l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,

From Latian Syrens, French Circaean Feasts,

Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,

Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 124

Renounce our Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,

The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;

And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"

The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

NOTES.

VER. 128. *And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, speaking in one Place of the purpose of his satire, says,

"In this impartial glass, my Muse intends

"Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends."

and in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

"Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be sore,

"So much the better, you may laugh the more."

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal amiss, which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. *Swift*, as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit on'y

W Vive, vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend Virtue, and set off Truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of *wit*, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. *Swift* seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse" (says he, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*) "my Companions

EP. VI. OF HORACE.

131

w Adieu—if this Advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first :
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

130

NOTES.

“ amongst those of the least consequence, and most
 “ compliance : I read the most trifling Books I can
 “ find : and whenever I write, it is upon the most
 “ trifling subjects.” And again, “ I love *La Baga-*
 “ *telle* better than ever. I am always writing bad
 “ Prose or worse Verses, either of RAGE or RAIL-
 “ LERY,” &c. And again, in a letter to Mr. *Gay*,
 “ My rule is, *Vive la Bagatelle.*”

T H E
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
O F
H O R A C E.

Advertisement.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus* was a *Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsoleferi*, &c. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the

ADVERTISEMENT. 135

Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those antient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom towards him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character. P.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes ; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant oppida condunt ;
 • Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit ^e invidiam supremo fine domari.

NOTES.

Book ii. Ep. 1.] The Poet always rises with his Original ; and very often, without it. This whole Imitation is supremely noble and sublime.

VER. 7. Edward and Henry, &c.] Romulus, et Liber Pater, &c. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won ; and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized man-

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! ^a sustain

The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal;
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred ^d name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd:

^e Clos'd their long Glories, with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15

^f Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

NOTES.

kind. The Imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, our Poet should not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

VER. 13. *Clos'd their long glories with a sigh,*] The expression is extremely beautiful; and the *ploravere* judiciously placed.

VER. 16. *Finds Envy never conquer'd, &c.*] It hath been the common practice of those amongst us, who have distinguished themselves in the learned world, to ascribe the ill treatment they have met with from

g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes,

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

h Praesenti tibi *mattros* largimur honores.

Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

k *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,

NOTES.

those they endeavoured to oblige, to so bad a cause as *Envy*. But surely without reason, for we find our Countrymen of the same candid disposition with the Athenians, as Socrates describes them in the *Euthyphro* of Plato: *They are well content* (says he) *to allow the Pretensions of reputed eminence; it is only when a man will write and presume to give a proof of it, that they grow angry.* We, too, are as ready to allow the reputation of eminence, to those whose Modesty has made them decline giving us a specimen of their parts. A temper surely very distant from Envy. We should not then ascribe that violent ferment into which good men are apt to work themselves, while they struggle to suppress the reputation of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are so willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager concern for the public welfare. Which, nothing better secures than the speedy suppression of Popularity; so dangerous to the community, when joined to great talents. SCRIBL.

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EP. I. OF HORACE.

139

The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last,
 & Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away ! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
 To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, ^h but mature the praise :
 Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a name. 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame* :
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard,
 Wonder of Kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

NOTES.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This instance has not the same grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux ; though awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line ; which yet does not equal the force of his Original.

VER. 21. *Oppress'd we feel, &c.*] “ Les hommes, “ nez INGRATS et JALOUX” (says an ingenious French Writer, with becoming indignation) “ ne pardonnent “ pas ceux qui prétend à leur admiration : de la mé- “ riter ils en font un crime, qu'ils punissent par des “ calomnies, des critiques ameres, et des mépris affectez. La Posterité le vengera de ses oppresseurs, en “ le comblant de louanges, tandis que ses imbécilles “ detracteurs, ces hommes vils, qui pour être oub- “ liez, n'ont pas besoin de cesser d'être, resteront “ pour jamais plongez dans l'oubli.”

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Aestimât ; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque

Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit .

¹ Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,

Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,

^m Dicatet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ⁿ Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque

Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem

Scriptores trutina ; non est quod multa loquamur :

Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.

Venimus ad summum fortunae : *pingimus*, atque

° *Pfallimus*, et ♯ *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.

Si ¶ meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit ;

NOTES.

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P

VER. 40. *Christ's kirk of the Green ;*] A ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the Rust we value, not the Gold.
 e Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote:
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 m He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly n Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires?
 In ev'ry Public Virtue we excell; 45
 We build, we paint, o we sing, we dance as well,
 And p learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
 If q Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50

NOTES.

VER. 42. *the Muses met him*] This instance of the People's ill taste was both well chosen, and happily expressed. Johnson's talents were learning, judgment, and industry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus,
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
 Est vetus atque probus, ^rcentum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? ^s veteresne poetas,
 An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ^t *boneste*,
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut ^u equinae
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum; demo et item unum,
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ^w ruentis acervi,
 Qui redit in ^x *fastos*, et virtutem aestimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ^y *Libitina* sacrauit.
^z Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter *Homerus*,

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.*] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Ancestors, of covering the *Bier* (on which the dead were carried to their interment) with Garlands. A manly and pious custom, which arose from the ancient practice of rewarding Victors; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to those who had *fought the good fight of the Apostle*.

VER. 69. *Shakespear.*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one, in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. P. *Dryden* does, indeed, call them so, but very undeservedly.

EP. I. OF HORACE. 143

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British Bards begin t' immortalize?

" Who lasts a ^r century can have no flaw, 55
" I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ^s Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By ^t courtesy of England he may do."

Then, by the rule that made ^u the Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
While you, to measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
And estimating Authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.

^z Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70

N O T E S.

The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country-Poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and few principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo ^a *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.

^b Naevius in manibus non est; at mentibus haeret

Pene recens: ^d adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema

Ambigitur ^e quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

NOTES.

VER. 69, &c. *Shakespear*—*For gain, not glory, &c.*
SHAKESPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition, as appears from *the Tempest*, and *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill taste of his Audience. However, in his most irregular plays, his wit and his sublimity make amends for his transgression of the rules of art; and support him in that transgression. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a Competitor in JOHNSON, who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad taste of the age, had not the same force of genius to support him in it. Johnson therefore borrowed all he could from art; and, like an experienced General, when he could not depend on his natural strength, kept still behind his lines. The consequence was, that Shakespear having once tried to reform the taste [See the first scene of the Players in *Hamlet*] and on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the people; while Johnson, who, for the reason given above, could not be so complaisant, was all his life long in a state of war with them. This, and not (as it is commonly supposed) the ignorance of the one, and the superior knowledge of the other, was the true cause of that difference which we find between these two Capital Writers, in the art and construction of their pieces. So that here, we see, a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage.

EP. I. OF HORACE. 145

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
• The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's creed.
Who now reads ^b Cowley ? if he pleases yet, 75
His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit ;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still ^c I love the Language of his Heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men !
“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ? 80
“ ^e In all debates where Critics bear a part,
“ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

NOTES.

Ibid. *And ev'ry Playhouse bill*] A ridicule on those who talk of *Shakespear*, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice to their taste or conscience, would own they liked *Dursey* better.

VER. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

“ Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.”

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it ; and has succeeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

VER. 81. *In all debates, &c.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 82. *Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art.*

Of Shakespear's Nature] The Author of *Elements of Criticism*, speaking of a very dull passage

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte :
 Hos ediscit, et hos arêto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; ^f habet nos numeratque poetas
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.
 § Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.
 Si ^h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :
 Si quaedam nimis ⁱ antique, si pleraque ^k dure

NOTES.

in Shakespear's second part of Henry IV. taken from the Chronicle, says, " Shakespear whom no *particle* of human nature hath escaped"—V. i. p. 239. He had talked sense had he said, *No particle of Hollingsbed.*

VER. 85. *Wycherly*] The chief support of this Writer's reputation, is his famous comedy of the *Plain Dealer* ; which is taken from Moliere's *Misanthrope*. But it has so happened that while Moliere's *Misanthrope* is but a *Plain Dealer*, Wycherly's *Plain Dealer* is a downright *Misanthrope*. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is left for the Critics to determine.

Ibid. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular : But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism ; in some things right, in others, wrong ; as he tells us in his answer.

" Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat." P.

II. EP. I. OF HORACE. 147

“ Of Shakespear’s Nature, and of Cowley’s Wit ;
 “ How Beaumont’s Judgment check’d what Fletcher
 “ writ ;
 “ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow ; 85
 “ But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
 “ These, & only these, support the crouded stage,
 “ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.”
 All this may be ; & the People’s Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 To ^h Gammar Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our Fathers never broke a Rule ;
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool,
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we. 95
 They had, and greater Virtues, I’ll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ⁱ Obsolete,
 And Sydney’s verse halts ill on ^k Roman feet :

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Gammar Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

Ibid. *To Gammar Gurton—And yet deny, &c.*] i. e. If they give the Bays to one play because it is *old*, and deny it to another because it is *new* ; why then, I say, the Public acts a very foolish part.

VER. 97. *Spenser himself affects the Obsolete.*] This is certainly true ; he extended, beyond all reason, that Precept of Horace,

“ Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 “ Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum, &c.

VER. 98. *And Sydney’s verse halts ill on Roman feet :*]

Dicere cedit eos, *ignava* multa fatetur;
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo
 Non equidem insector, *delendaque carmina* Livi

NOTES.

Sir Philip Sydney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. *Baif*, a French Poet, in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 102. *And God the Father turns a School-divine.*] Ben Johnson ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience chose to take their knowledge of English History from Shakespear's Plays. The present fashion for Milton makes us as ready to learn our Religion from the *Paradise Lost*: though it be certain; he was as *poor and fanciful* a Divine, as Shakespear was a *licentious* Historian. This appears from many places in that admirable poem. Here, he degrades the *Father* by making him follow the *school-systems*; and in his *Paradise Regain'd*, he dishonours the *Son*, by making him the Author of the MAHOMETAN Oeconomy of grace.

“ Victorious deeds

“ Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 “ To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
 “ Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth
 “ Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,
 “ Till truth was freed and equity restor'd:
 “ Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, FIRST
 “ By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 “ And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 “ At least to try, and teach the erring soul
 “ Not willingly misdoing, but unaware
 “ Misled; the stubborn only to destroy.”

VER. 104. *Bentley.*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest Wits, [P. S.] and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest

EP. I. OF HORACE. 149

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now, Serpent-like in ¹ prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

^m Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like ⁿ flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

NOTES.

Scholars of his time, [C. H.] will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Master both of the languages and the learning of polite antiquity; whose Writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision, and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Master of all the mysteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

Esse reor, memini quae ⁿ *plagofum* o *mibi parvo*

Orbilium dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

NOTES.

The most important of his Works, as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris*; and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the Discourse concerning Free-thinking*. Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

“ A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:” whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers) he bad him not be discouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and railery could not hold it out long against a Work of so much learning. To which the other replied, “ Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. “ For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever “ written out of reputation, but by himself.”

EP. I. OF HORACE. 151

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he ° read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110

NOTES.

Ibid. *his desprate book*,] Alluding to the several passages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including them within hooks; some with judgment, and some without any.

VER. 108. *The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease*;] The Poet has here very happily exemplified this envied quality of *easy writing*, in the turn of the verses which expose it. These Wits formed themselves, for the most part, on SUCKLING, a fine original genius. But on so slippery a ground it was no wonder, such Imitators should fall; and either sink his free and easy manner into insipidity; or abuse it, to ribaldry and licentiousness: They did both; till *easy writing* came to be defined a negligence of *what* they said, and *how* they said it. This was called writing like a *Gentleman*. But as fashions take their turn, Lord Shaftesbury has introduced a new sort of *Gentleman-like writing*, which consists indeed, like the other, in a negligence of what is said, but joined to much *affectation* in the manner of saying it.

VER. 109. *Sprat*,] Rightly put at the head of the small Wits. He is now known to most advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca said of Triarius, "Compositione verborum" *belle cadentium multos Scholasticos delectabat, omnes decipiebat.* As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the Church-yard side, should at

Inter quae p *verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*,
 Si q *versus paulo concinnior* unus et alter;
 Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

r Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et proemia posci.

s Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attas*
Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae t *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

NOTES.

last come to be a Bishop.—But the honour of being a Westminster School boy some have at one age, and some at another; and some all their life long. Our grateful Bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. *gleams through many a page,*] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which streams along the sky, and is just sufficient to show the deformity of those black vapours, to which it serves (as Milton expresses it) for a silver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved—*Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*; and the compliment to the Dramatic Poet exquisitely fine, as supposing that the power of such a genius could transfer the properties of ELYSIUM, (*where flowers eternal blow*) to the banks of the AVON.

VER. 121. *One Tragic sentence if I dare deride.*] When Writers of our Author's rank have once ef-

EP. I. OF HORACE. 153

One Simile, that P solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or q lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many
a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
r I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new ;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

s On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow ? 120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

NOTES.

fectually exposed *turgid expression*, and reduced it to its just value, which, hitherto, the small Critics had mistaken for the *sublime*, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand to be bombast : like the Idiot, in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he met to be a Cur-dog. So our learned Laureat will needs imitate his betters ; and *dare to deride* too, with the best. " In what raptures " (says he) have I seen an audience, at the furious " fustian, and turgid rants of Nat. Lee's *Alexander the Great*. Let me give you a sample. Alexander, " in a full croud of courtiers, says,

" When Glory, like the dazzling *Eagle*, stood
" Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granic flood ;
" When *Fortune's* self my standard trembling bore,
" And the pale *Fates* stood frightened on the shore ;
" When the *Immortals on the billows rode*,
" And I myself appear'd the leading God."

Vel quia nil u rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae

Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

“ If this passage has merit, let us see what figure it
 “ would make upon canvas ; what sort of picture
 “ would arise from it. If Le Brun had seen this lofty
 “ description, what one image could he have possibly
 “ taken from it ? In what colours could he have shewn
 “ us *Glory perch'd upon a beaver* ? How could he
 “ have drawn *Fortune trembling* ? Or indeed what
 “ use could he have made of *pale Fates*, or *Immortals*
 “ *riding upon billows*, with this blustering God of
 “ his own making at the head of them ?” *Apol. for*
bis Life, p. 88. Ed. O&A.—If the *Audience were in*
raptures, I admire their good taste ; for, I think,
 these six lines are as truly sublime as any thing we
 have in the English language. But the Critic is for
 having the images they convey transferred upon *can-*
vas. And, it must be owned, this is no ill test of dis-
 tinguishing *sound* from *sense*. He is indeed a little mis-
 taken in his painter, as the Connoisseurs will tell him.
 For this subject demands the genius of a Rubens ra-
 ther than of Le Brun. And, from such a one, he
 might have a very good picture for his money. He
 seems not to have reflected, that *Fortune* and the *Fates*,
 though imaginary, are yet personified Beings. And
Glory, here, is something more substantial, for by the
 line,

“ When *Glory*, like the dazzling Eagle, stood, &c.”
 is meant, that *Glory* appeared, in the shape of an
 Eagle on his crest.

The truth is, these six lines, unluckily for the Lau-
 reat's Criticism, contain not only the most *sublime*,
 but the most *judicious*, imagery that Poëtry could
 conceive or paint. The first line alludes to the tradi-

EP. I. OF HORACE. 155

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

NOTES.

tion of an eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the battle of Arbela, as a presage of victory; Lee, I suppose, might think himself at liberty to transfer it to the passage of the Granicus; and this he has made the ground of his fine imagination, of *Glory* in the shape of an *Eagle*; in the style of Homer, who represents Terror, Affright, and a number of such fantastic Beings; swarming on the crest of his heroes.

The representing *Fortune*, in the third line, as his standard-bearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true spirit of poetry, but it gives us a just idea of the nature of his Asiatic expedition; and the making her tremble, as she displayed it, in the passage of Granicus, a right notion of the exceeding rashness of that adventure.

The fourth line greatly heightens all these images, by making the *Fates* themselves (who had destined the Persian empire to destruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their decrees) as half afraid that this desperate Madman would frustrate their purpose.

But the sublime of the *two last* verses exceeds all the rest. They are a beautiful allusion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themselves to the destruction of Troy, through the billows of that river, which opposed their passage. And the exquisite judgment of the Poet in this allusion is understood by those who have heard, that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroism; and Homer his favourite Historian. Lastly, as to the propriety of

Jam w *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

x Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
 Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

NOTES.

Alexander's thus extolling his own actions, the Poet is justified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his custom.

From what has been said, we may collect, how dangerous it is for a Writer to give his opinion out of his own profession, how well soever he may succeed within it. For this justice is due to the Laureat, that that part of his book where he has drawn the characters of the set of players on whom he formed himself, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the best of theirs, is indeed (bating the singularity of his phrase) a Master piece in its kind. So necessary was that antient direction,

“ Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exerceat.”

VER. 122. *With Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth—*]

The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave*: nothing being more destructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chase*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scien-

EP. I. OF HORACE. 157

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, w or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not ; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 * Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now ?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty dead ?

NOTES.

tistic musick, and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earliest of our Author's friends ; whom he no less esteemed (as *Cicero* did *ROSCIUS*) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatick performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished Actor* : the present ornament of the English Theatre.

* Mr. Garrick.

VER. 124. *a muster-roll of names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors to pronounce, with emphasis, the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original : as Ver. 133—4. excel it.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead ?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all Writers, but the ancient, unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a satire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

y Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis
Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa ;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ⁊ equorum.

NOTES.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd:*] He says properly, *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship t' excell,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P. How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprize) from the famous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of *Cassandra*. Neither Philosophy, Public Business, nor the Bigotry of Religion could keep him (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement fit only for girls and boys.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind ; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of fictitious history is not below our notice. The close connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our observation upon human affairs, in preference to other attentions ; and eagerly to wait the progress and issue of them. But as the course of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy its impatience, by the invention of *history*. Which, by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

EP. I. OF HORACE. 159

y In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140
In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
" All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd,"
Then Peers grew proud in z Horsemanship t' excell,
New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

NOTES.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too simple and insipid, to a taste stimulated by the luxury of art: They wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see, that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Monsters and Chimera's. And now those who had run furthest after these delusions, were the first that recovered themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of *Spanish* invention. These presented us with something of humanity; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before was conducted by Necromancy, so all now was managed by *intrigue*. And though it had indeed a kind of *life*, it had yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, yet grew disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

160 IMITATIONS Book II.

a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;
Suspendis b picta vultum mentemque tabella ;
Nunc c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis :

d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

NOTES.

The avoiding these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the *French*, here ridiculed by our Poet ; in which some celebrated story of antiquity was so polluted by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish Intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*, and that was a corruption of *Heart*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of science has been infinitely indebted) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from strict fact, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of real LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its

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EP. I. OF HORACE. 161

Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 Lely on ^b animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :
 On ^c each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
 But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause. 160

NOTES.

perfection. But the ridiculous rage of appetite in the Public for these amusements, and the monstrous things that now serve for their entertainment, puts us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells us of Cæsar : who observing certain Barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppy-dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole—The sleepy Eye, &c.*] This was the characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression ; who was an excessive Manierest.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;*] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners ; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

VER. 160. *Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause.*] i.e.

e Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura ;
 Scriptos f nominibus rectis expendere nummos ;
 g *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, h et calet uno
Scribendi studio : puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti coenant, et camina dietant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior i Parthis *mendacior* ; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

NOTES.

The love of Liberty—Mr. Voltaire, while in Eng-
 land, writes thus to a friend in Paris—" I had a mind
 " at first to print our poor *Henry* at my own expences
 " in London : but the loss of my money is a sad stop
 " to my design. I question if I shall try the way of
 " Subscriptions by the favour of the Court. I am
 " weary of Courts. All that is King or belongs to a
 " King, frights my republican Philosophy. I wont
 " drink the least draught of Slavery in the land of
 " Liberty. I have written freely to—and I will al-
 " ways do so, having no reason to lay myself under
 " any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your*
 " Country : all that I wish for, is to see you one day
 " here. I am entertaining myself with this pleasant
 " hope. If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it : don't
 " undeceive me : let me believe I shall have the plea-
 " sure to see you in London, drawing up the strong
 " spirit of this unaccountable Nation. You will
 " translate their thoughts better when you live amongst
 " them. You will see a Nation fond of their Liberty.
 " learned, witty, despising Life and Death, a nation

Ep. I.

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EP. I. OF HORACE. 163

e Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To f worship like his Fathers, was his care ; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir ;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good g Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one h Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich : 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, i lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I ;
 When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more ;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

NOTES.

" of Philosophers. Not but that there are some fools
 " in England. Every Country has its madmen. It
 " may be, French folly is pleasanter than English
 " madness, but by——English Wisdom and English
 " Honesty is above *yours*." MS. Eng. Lett. Oct. 15,
 1726.

VER. 180. *to show our Wit.*] The force of this con-
 sists in the ambiguity.—To shew how constant we are

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* Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrototonum
aegro

Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare : quod *medicorum*
est,

Promittunt l medici : tractant fabrilia fabri :

m Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

n Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis o *avarus*

Non temere est animus : p versus amat, hoc studet
unum ;

Detrimenta, q fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;

NOTES.

to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

VER. 181. *He serv'd, &c.*] To the simple elegance of the Original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Ibid. Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;] It was the Poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour, in assigning to him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

“ Periculum faciamus in corpore vili.” SCRIBL.

Ep. I.

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EP. I. OF HORACE.

165

* He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
 Ev'n l Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
 But ° those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
 Yet, Sir, ° reflect, the mischief is not great;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State: 190
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely ° Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his p plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 ° Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.

NOTES.

VER. 183, 184. *Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,*

Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance]
 By no means an insinuation as if the travelling Doctors had mispent their time. *Radcliff* had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. Mercurialis gives the *Gymnastics*, of which Dancing is part, a necessary place amongst the *non-naturals* (by which term the Physicians mean air, exercise, diet, &c. as if the natural way of living in health was by physic) and the dignity and eminence of this part of the *Gymnastics* is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious *Dissertation on Dancing*, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. of the *Life of King David*. SCRIBL.

Non ^r *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ^s;

† *Militiae* quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;

u *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta* figurat:

NOTES.

VER. 201. *Of little use, &c.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the Original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obscoenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

VER. 213, 214. *Unhappy Dryden!*—*In all Charles's days,*

Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;]

The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderneſs* for his Master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general*; and his *honour* for him, in the first line, by making his *case particular*, as the only one that deserved pity.

VER. 215. *excuse some Courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison

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EP. I. OF HORACE. 167

To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (t'ho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.

NOTES.

for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends,

Torquet w ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem,

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;

NOTES.

whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had said,

“ Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv’d,
“ And shew you have the virtue to be mov’d.”

he was much troubled; said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

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He, w from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."

NOTES.

"The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir'd
"Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd;
"And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,
"Engag'd great CATO in her country's cause;
"On you submissive waits."

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains.*]

Mr. Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worse Critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books superficial. But, in the pleasantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

VER. 217. *He, from the taste obscene, &c.*] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

"torquet ab obscenis."

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But their excellence may be best gathered from their having procured so long credit to that vast heap of crude and indigested things, with which they are intermixed.

Recte facta refert; ^x orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; ^y *inopem* solatur et *aegrum*.
 Castis cum ^z pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ^a *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit;
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, ^c *metuenda pericula* pellit;
 Impetra et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
^d Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
 ^e Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,

NOTES.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, &c.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to Ver. 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the Original, or, at least, the appearance of sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a Taste greatly superior to it.

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II. EP. I. OF HORACE. 171

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to x relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And y stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn,
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:
 The z Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains, 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could Devotion a touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down c Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that Grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
 And d Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our e rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joys their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:

NOTES.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the Versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church History*, says he was esteemed an *excellent Poet*.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, &c.*] This is almost literal; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admired in these Imitations, owe less to the Liberty of imitating, than to the superior genius of the Imitator.

Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 f Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter: s donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi: h quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. Vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad i bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.
 k Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. Sic horridus ille
 Defluxit l numerus Saturnius, et grave virus

NOTES.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side, &c.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to complete the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for

EP. I. OF HORACE.

173

With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And f Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and g Nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome b dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to i Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
 k We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
 charms;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and l Numbers learn'd to flow.

NOTES.

the Poet's argument, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, &c.*] The instance which the Author here gives, to answer that in the *Original*, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our political intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial* Poets; and produced *Chaucer*. I only wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it, to paraphrase the sense of

"Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 "Munditiæ pepulere."

Munditiae pepulere : sed in longum tamen aevum

Manferunt, hodieque manent, *in vestigia ruris.*

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis ;

Et post *in Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,

Quod *o* Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile fer-
rent :

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :

Et placuit fibi, natura sublimis et acer :

Nam *p* spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet :

Sed *q* turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram.*

Creditur, ex *r medio* quia res arcessit, habere

Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto

Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. *o* Aspice, Plautus

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth;*] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 269. *Energy divine.*] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occasioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his Master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. Cicero did the same grateful office to *Crassus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the same obligations.

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EP. I. OF HORACE. 175

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
 Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein, 270
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation a breath'd from civil war.
 Exact o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the p Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone :
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And q fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The r humble Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285

NOTES.

One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous Dialogue *de Oratore* is, “ ut laudem eorum jam prope senescen-
 “ tem quantum ego possem (says he) ab oblivione
 “ hominum, atque a silentio vindicarem—deberi hoc
 “ a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—”

VER. 280. *Ev'n copious Dryden*— *Copious* aggravated the fault. For when a Writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of chusing from the best.

VER. 282. *Some doubt, &c.*] In Tragedy it is the *action*, and in Comedy they are the *manners*, which most engage our attention. But it is easier to direct and conduct an action, than to draw and colour manners. Besides, the general ignorance of Courts makes false manners in Tragedy escape unobserved ; but un-

Quo pacto *t partes tutetur* amantis ephēbi,

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :

Quantus sit Doffennus *u edacibus in parasitis* ;

Quam *w non ascripto* percurrat pulpita socco.

Gessit enim *x nummum* in oculos demittere ; post hoc

Securus, cadet an recto stet fabula talo.

Quam tulit ad scenam *y ventoso* gloria curru,

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

N O T E S.

natural action in Comedy lies hid from nobody. Hence it is, that the difficulty of succeeding lies on the side of the comic writer. To support these observations, let me ask from whence arises our disgust, when the scene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of Tragedy at home. It appears, at first sight, whimsical and capricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly seek in Comedy, is a true image of life and manners ; but we are not easily brought to think we have it given us, when dressed in foreign modes and fashions. And yet a good writer must follow his scene, and observe decorum. On the contrary, it is the action in Tragedy which most engages our attention. But to fit a domestic occurrence for the stage, we must take greater liberties with the action than a well known story will allow. Not but perhaps another reason might be given for our disapprobation of this inverted state of the scene. Comedy deals much in Satire ; Tragedy in Panegy-

EP. I. OF HORACE.

177

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if t Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how u loosely does Astrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky w eat with vast applause!
 But fill their x purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295
 O you! whom y Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

NOTES.

ric: and our natural malignity will more easily suffer us to find the *ridiculous* at home, than the *heroic*.

VER. 290. *Astrea*.] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authorefs of several obscene Plays, &c. P.

Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astrea tread*,] The fine metaphor, of *non astricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

VER. 296. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*.] The Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

“ ventoso gloria curru,”

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to, and Attendant on, Fame or *Glory*,

“ Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.”

Subruit, ac reficit: ^a valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum:

^a Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ^c *ursum* aut *pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum ^d *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* vo-
luptas

Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt ^e *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
^f Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,

NOTES.

as was the custom in their Triumphs. In other respects the imitation has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his fortune*. However,

“Who pants for Glory,” &c.

is much superior to the Original.

II. EP. I. OF HORACE. 179

z Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
a There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, b to disturb their betters, mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, c the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britain Farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now d of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot e and horse; 315
Pageants on Pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Emin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With f laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.

NOTES.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From Plays to Operas, and from Operas to Pantomimes.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, &c.*] Descriptive Poetry is the lowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with some moral stroke or other.

Sive *g elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora,
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:
 Scriptores autem *h* narrare putaret *afello*
Fabellam furdo. Nam quae *i* pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
k Garganum mugire putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
l Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus m oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil fane. Quid placet ergo?
n Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusam,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta; *o* meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus; et modome Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
p Verum age, et his, qui se *lector*i credere malunt,

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Oreas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orkades P.

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Let Bear or ^s Elephant be e'er so white,
 The People, sure, the People are the sight!
 Ah luckless ^h Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves on ^k Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ^l petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^m lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters,—hark! the Universal peal!
 “But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335
 “What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”
 “Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
 'Tis he, ^o who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
 In rage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
 P But not this part of the Poetic state,
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, &c.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem: si q munus Apolline dignum

Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant *Helicon* virentem.

‡ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut *vineta* egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

‡ *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso*: cum laedimur, † *unum*

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum*:

Cum loca jam † recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:

Cum w lamentamur non *apparere* labores

Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;

Cum x speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque

Carmina reseieris nos fingere, commodus ultro

Arcassas, et egere vetes, et *scribere* cogas.

Sed tamen est y *operae pretium* cognoscere, *quales*

Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique

NOTES.

VER. 354. a *Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.*
The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

II. EP. I. OF HORACE. 183

Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350

More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

How shall we fill a Library with Wit,

When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet? 355

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,

I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault;

We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)

Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The season, when to come, and when to go, 360

To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,

You lose your patience, just like other men.

Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend

A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365

Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine

For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.

But most, when straining with too weak a wing,

We needs will write Epistles to the King;

And from the moment we oblige the town, 370

Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;

Or dubb'd Historians by express command,

T'enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,

As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet y think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)

Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?

NOTES.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Virtus, ² *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.

^a Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille

Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt

Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo

Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poema

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigum emit,

Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* praeter Apellem

Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera

Fortis ^b *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. Quod si

NOTES.

VER. 380—1. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church History of England*, printed at Brussels, 1742, F. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent. "Before Panzani set out on his journey (to England) which was about the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired he would use his interest with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two Bustos; one of the King, the other of herself: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alledging that her Husband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no present could be more acceptable to

Ep. I.

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P. 38.

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Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the ^a Laureat's weighty place.

^a Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And great ^b Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed

To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;

So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:

But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385

NOTES.

" him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and
" had lately refused the like favour to Cardinal Rich-
" lieu, who desired his own Busto from the same
" hand. But Barberini's reputation and address pre-
" vailed upon him to grant the request. I mention
" this Busto upon account of the extraordinary cir-
" cumstances which attended it; some whereof are
" taken notice of by our Historians: But what I shall
" further relate, is not commonly known. It is re-
" ported, that when Bernini took a view of the ori-
" ginal picture, according to which he was to form
" the King's Busto, he observed such melancholic
" lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal fate
" that would befall the person it represented. And
" this he signified to those who were present."
P. 38.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, since the *Sacerdotal* character has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch, which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Raiph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States,

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares ;

N O T E S.

“ You must take heed how you trust DOCTOR GRO-
 “ TIUS too far, for I perceive him to be so ADDIC-
 “ TED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS,
 “ THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH, SO IT MAY
 “ SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King,
 “ by reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so te-
 “ dious and full of tittle-tattle, that the KING’S
 “ *judgment was of him, that he was some PEDANT,*
 “ full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT.
 “ And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit,
 “ as if he did imagine that every man was bound to
 “ hear him so long as he would talk, did privately
 “ give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and
 “ directly deliver his mind, or else he would make
 “ the King weary of him. This did not take place,
 “ but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was es-
 “ pecially observed one night at supper at the Lord
 “ Bishop of Ely’s, whither being brought by Mr.
 “ Casaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him to
 “ stay to supper, which he did. There was present
 “ Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he
 “ flings out some question of that profession; and
 “ was so full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards
 “ told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that,*
 “ *like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three*
 “ *questions; whereof when he came in company, he*
 “ *must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but if he*
 “ *were put from those, he would shew himself but a*
 “ SIMPLE FELLOW. There was present also Dr.
 “ Richardson, the King’s professor of Divinity in
 “ Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty,
 “ with whom he falleth in also, about some of those
 “ questions, which are now controverted amongst
 “ the Ministers in Holland; and being matters where-

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II. EP. I. OF HORACE. 187

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;

NOTES.

" in he was studied, he uttered all his skill concern-
" ing them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT
" THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING
" what a man he had there, who never being in the
" place or company before, could overwhelm them
" so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto
" you so largely, that you may know the disposition
" of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD
" OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Win-*
wood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely's* case was to be pitied.
But this will not happen every day: for as exposed as
their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, hap-
py is it, that the men are not always at hand, who
can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for aught I know,
may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of*
Ely.—But it was enough that this *simple fellow* was
an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by
Abbot and his Master. For in the opinion of these
great judges of Merit, Religion and Society could
not subsist without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY
POWER.—However this *discerning spirit*, it is cer-
tain, had not left L. when the grave Historian An-
thony Wood was so hospitably entertained there, who
in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells
the following story. " I and John Echard, the Au-
" thor of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with A.
" Bp Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbishop
" had withdrawn and *selected* his company, I was
" called into the withdrawing-room, and Echard was
" left behind to *go drink and smoke with the Chap-*
lains." So well adjusted was this respect of per-
sons; Echard, the wittiest man of the age, was very
fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony
Wood, without all peradventure the dullest, was
called in to enjoy the conversation of his Grace.

^c Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[*At nequa dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;*]

Nec magis expressi ^d vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallet
Repentes per humum, ^e quam *res* componere *gestas*,
Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et ^g *barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis totum ^h *confecta duella* per orbem,
Claustraque ^h custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et ⁱ formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. Sed neque
parvum

^k Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.

NOTES.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains.*
Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and in-
vective were the easiest kind of wit, because almost
"any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault.
"For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every
"one can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beau-
"tiful image and polish it, requires great art and
"dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argu-
"ment of much more wit than to abuse; a little
"wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a
"man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is
"to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate.
And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire

Ep. I.

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Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."

Not with such d majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Maconian wing,
 Your e Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing! 395
 What f seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How g barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 h Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And i Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But k Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405

NOTES.

was the most difficult, and Panegyric the most easy of all performances; for that any barber-surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well*, as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the Satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is *more readily received*: but this does not shew that it is *more easily written*.

Sedulitas autem *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
 Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod *quis* *m* *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*
 Nil moror a officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *fide*
 In opejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne p rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
 Cum q scriptore meo capsâ porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

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EP. I. OF HORACE.

191

The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.

A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:

410

There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,

"Praise undeserv'd, is scandal in disguise:"

Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;

And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves

415

(Like q Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things

As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)

Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

121

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN RUSSELL
EARL OF BEDFORD
AND ST. ALBANS
BY
JAMES RUSSELL
ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
IN LAW
AND
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
BY HIS OWN SON
JAMES RUSSELL
ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
IN LAW
AND
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
LONDON
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON
ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
1793

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THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Vol. IV.

K

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

^b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat : “ Hic et

“ Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

“ Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo ;

“ Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles ;

“ Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

“ Cuilibet : argilla quidvis imitaberis uda :

“ Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti

“ Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo

“ Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.

“ Res urget me nulla : meo sum pauper in aere.

“ Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere a

“ me

“ Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

“ In scalis latuit metuens pedentis habenae :

“ Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.”

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
Friend!

You love a verse, take such as I can send,
b A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how
"curl'd!
"My only son, I'd have him see the world:
"His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.
"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
"A perfect genius at an Op'ra-song—
"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."

NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in
Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great
purity.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not*

c Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

d Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea faevus

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod

Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

e Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,]

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,

Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.

NOTES.

part?] The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting with what one can but ill spare.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

c If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way

d Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! 31
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

e In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd }
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this story are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original.

VER. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

“ Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

“ Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.”

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere practor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem;
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, " Ibit,
 " Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
 f Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which, the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

" ———— Ibit.

" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit."

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being sufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by losses. What betray'd our Poet into this inaccuracy of expression was, its suiting better with the *application*. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And such should not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

“Prodigious well;” his great Commander cry’d,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas’d his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and its no great matter) 45
 “Go on, my friend (he cry’d) see yonder walls!
 “Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 “More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”
 Don’t you remember what reply he gave?
 “D’ye think me, noble Gen’ral, such a sot? 50
 “Let him take castles who has ne’er a groat.”
 ‘Bred up at home, full early I begun,
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus’ son.

NOTES.

VER. 52. *Bred up at home, &c.*] The Reader may possibly have a curiosity to know something more of Mr. Pope’s education than what this verse tells him; and though much more would be too trifling to enter into a just volume of his life, it may do no dishonour to one of these cursory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt; and from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himself, by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one *Taverner*, a Priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: From him, in a little time, he was sent to a private school at *Twiford* near *Winchester*. Here, he continued about a year; and was then removed to another, near *Hyde-park* corner. Under these two last masters, he lost the little he had got under the Priest. At twelve, he went with his father into the *Forest*; where he was, for a few months, under another Priest; and with as little success as before. For, as he used to say, he never could learn any thing which he did not pursue with pleasure. And these miserable pedants had not

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae :

Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

Atque inter silvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;

NOTES.

the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this small stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own master. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal passion for Poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages; when a strong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His Family (whose only object was the preservation of his miserably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he persisted in it, and they gave way: to town he came, and mastered those two languages with surprizing dispatch. The whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him: and between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was reading the most considerable Poets and Criticks in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. But, all this, without much order; as chance threw them in his way, or the ca-

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duces t

II. EP. II. OF HORACE.

201

Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad : 55
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;
And certain Laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust : 61

NOTES.

price of desultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curiosity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not allow him to continue long easy under so defective an education. For a vast memory and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniences, made him but the more sensible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuosity of his spirits began to permit his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning ; and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech ; he learnt to distinguish the several species of style ; he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language ; he reduced his natural talent for Poetry to a science ; and mastered those parts of Philosophy which would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with such continued attention, labour, and severity, that he used to say, he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-seven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.]* This circumstance has a happier application in the imitation than in the original ; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,

Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*

Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,

Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutae*,

Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?

§ Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes ;

NOTES.

VER. 65. *He stuck to poverty with peace of mind.*]
There was something very singular in the Oeconomy of Mr. POPE's Father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds; with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papist, he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security; and as he adhered to the interest of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new Government: so he kept it in his chest; and lived upon the Principal; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 95
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.
 5 Years following years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;

NOTES.

VER. 68. *But (thanks to Homer) &c.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the Bookseller, on the following terms, twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the books for his subscribers. The *Odyssy* was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions ; except only that instead of twelve he had six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by *Broome* and *Fenton* ; to the first of whom he gave six hundred pounds ; and, to the other, three hundred.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away ;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivium, ludum*;

Tendunt extorquere poemata. Quid faciam vis?

h Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;

Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet

alter:

Quod petis, id fane est invisum acidumque duobus.

i Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata censes

Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

N O T E S.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: the other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicy taste, and equally high flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense*; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated

In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75
 This subtle Thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But after all, what would you have me do ?
 When out of twenty I can please not two ; 81
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg ; 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartmouth detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends ?

My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A Poet begs me I will hear him read :

NOTES.

gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

VER. 90. *or self, or soul*] *Self* is here used for *body* (in the language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their *souls* but as a kind of *second self*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me I will hear him read :*] Our

Hic extremo in Aventino ; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obftet.”

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor :

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Tristitia robustis luctantur funera plaustris :

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

k I nunc, et versus, *tecum* meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?

N O T E S.

Author intended a joke under the ambiguity of this common phrase, of *bearing him read*.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, &c.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the Imitation, in this place, far above the Original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, &c.*] This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

“ Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.”

where the Intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*,

EP. II, OF HORACE. 207

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearfal, Sir, exact at one—
 " Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
 " And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought ; 100
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass ? 105
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car ?
 k Go, lofty Poet ! and in such a croud,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas ! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son :
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before ?

NOTES.

but the *secret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle* ; and *Sleep* was courted for *inspiration*, as well as to relieve a *debauch*.

Ibid. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London,

I Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit *Athenas*,
 Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque
 Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit ; hic ego rerum
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
 Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner ?
 m Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor ; ut alter
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores :
 Gracchus ut hic illi foret ; huic ut Mucius ille.

NOTES.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors ;*] The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill described.

VER. 132. *And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit ; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, Mr. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he says, “ Il faisoit
 “ ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus au-
 “ stères Magistrats, consommes comme lui dans l’
 “ etude des Loix, se délassoient des fatigues de leur

EP. II. OF HORACE. 209

1 The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116
To books and study gives sev'n years complete.

See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:

So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,

Stept from its pedestal to take the air?

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,

With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

m The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,

Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;

With equal talents, these congenial souls,

One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the rolls;

Each had a gravity would make you split, 131

And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

NOTES.

" état, dans le travaux de la littérature. Que ceux
" qui méprisent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui
" mettent je ne sai quelle misérable grandeur à se ren-
" fermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à
" plaindre! ignorent ils que CICERON, après avoir
" rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore
" les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur la nature des
" Dieux, conféroit avec des Philosophes; qu'il alloit
" au Théâtre; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'amitié d'Eso-
" pus et de Roscius, et laissoit aux petits esprits, leur
" constante gravité, qui n'est que la masque de la me-
" diocrité?"

Quî minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas ?

ⁿ *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos* ; mirabile visu,

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. Aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-

spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?

Quia, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,

Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

Obturem patulas *impune legentibus aures*.

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Merlin's Cave*,] In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem as if the collection of Poetry, in that place, was not to our Author's Taste.

" 'Twas, Sir, your law"—and " Sir, your elo-
" quence,"

" Yours, Cowper's manner—and your's, Talbot's
" sense."

" Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135

Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,

Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see

No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease

Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we
please.

" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,

" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :

" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains ; 145

" And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace,

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,

To court applause by printing what I write : 150

But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

N O T E S.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.

° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina : verum
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
 Si taceas, laudant ; quidquid scripsere, beati.
 At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris fumet honesti :
 Audebit, quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,
 Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna*, ferentur,
 Verba movere loco ; quamvis *invita* recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae :
 ¶ *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they spare,—That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,]* Force and light respect figurative expression ; and signify, that it be such as awakes the imagination ; and be taken from obvious subjects : for without the first quality, it will want force ; without the other, light.

Weight and care respect literal expression ; the first marks out the character of the verb ; the other of the noun ; and signify, that, in every proposition, the attribute should be important, and the subject precise.

VER. 164. *In downright charity revive the dead ;]* This is very happily expressed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to relieve the poverty of the present language with the useless stores of the past ; not out of charity to the dead, but to the living. " The riches of a language" (says a very fine Writer and most judicious Critic) " are actually encreased by retaining its old words ; and besides, they have often a greater real weight and dignity than those of a more fashionable cast, which succeed to them. This needs no proof to such as are versed in the earlier writings of any language."—And again,—
 " From these testimonies we learn, the extreme value

EP. II. OF HORACE. 213

° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long, 156
 But how severely with themselves proceed,
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;

NOTES.

“ which these great masters of composition set upon
 “ their old Writers; and as the reason of the thing
 “ justifies their opinions, we may further see the im-
 “ portant use of some late attempts to restore a bet-
 “ ter knowledge of our own. Which I observe
 “ with pleasure, as the growing prevalency of a dis-
 “ ferent humour, first caught, as it should seem,
 “ from our commerce with the French models, and
 “ countenanced by the too scrupulous delicacy of
 “ some good Writers amongst ourselves, had gone
 “ far towards unnerving the noblest modern lan-
 “ guage, and effeminating the public taste. This
 “ was not a little forwarded by what generally makes
 “ its appearance at the same time, a kind of feminine
 “ curiosity in the choice of words; cautiously avoid-
 “ ing and reprobating all such (which were not sel-
 “ dom the most expressive) as had been prophaned
 “ by a too vulgar use, or had suffered the touch of
 “ some accidental taint. This runs us into peri-
 “ phrasis and general expression; the peculiar bane
 “ of every polished language.” Mr. HURD's *English*
Commentary and Notes on the Ars Poetica of Horace,
 p. 43, 44.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas ;
 Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus :
Vebemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :

NOTES.

VER. 167. *Command old words that long have slept, to wake,*] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres.

“ Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.”
 Horace has not the same force,

“ Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.”

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the expression, if not on the thought, of his original.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him greatly ; and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excell the rest of his countrymen ; and that was *correctness* ; in which the English poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had several great Geniuses, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriances*. This therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy to be improved, should be his principal study. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made

EP. II. OF HORACE. 215

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue; }
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175

NOTES.

correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of
 all his poetical exercises: and the delight he took in
 it, produced the effects he speaks of, in the following
 lines,

" Then polish all with so much *life* and *ease*,
 " You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect
 from correction; and it has been observed oftener to
 produce a heavy stiffness; which, by another image,
 the Ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without
 doubt, most an end, this will be the consequence,
 when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it
 is discharged as a task. But when it becomes, by
 habit, an exercise of amusement, the judgment, lying
 no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies, will
 preserve the *life*; and the fancy lightening the judg-
 ment, will produce the *ease* here spoken of.

VER. 175. *But show no mercy to an empty line*;] To
 such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless once,
 when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to sacri-

*Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquetur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.*

NOTES.

fice to envy, in that devoted and execrable line, is one of the best translated books of the *Odyssey*,

“ Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,
“ *And stuck adherent, and suspended bung.*”

The tribe of small Wits and Critics could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse; to which they have ever since, *stuck adherent, and suspended bung*. Shakespear afforded the Dunces of his time the same consolation, if we may believe Ben Johnson, by his—*Caesar did never wrong but with just cause*. But there is a sort of still lower Creatures, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave orders to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.* were printed thus contractedly. But the Printers of the late edition lengthened them into *December* and *November*; and in this condition they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man such a Dunce to make his criticism with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he such a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. *Then polish all, &c.*] M. Voltaire, speaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, says,—
“ L'art d'être eloquent en vers est de tous les arts le
“ plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille
“ Genies qui scauront aranger un ouvrage, et le
“ versifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter
“ en vrai Poete; c'est un talent qui est donné à trois
“ ou quatre hommes sur la terre.”

VER. 177. *You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:]* The reason is because we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, easy, and simple

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :
" But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance ;
" As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

NOTES.

without reflecting, that that artificial ordonnance of words and expression, from whence this ease arises, is the effect of much study and application. It is true, that study is commonly observed to destroy this very ease, which, we say, arises from it. It may ; and will do so in a common Writer ; but never in a Genius. The precisely true expression is but *one* ; while the meaning required, may be tolerably conveyed in a *hundred*. But in such a croud, the search demands labour ; and when you have hit upon the true, unless you have *taste* as well as judgment, you will never know, for certain, that it is the very thing you seek ; so you go on till you be tired ; and then the first that offers itself is received. Whereas a genius seizes it as soon as found ; and never suffers the change to be put upon him, by its counterfeit.

VER. 178. *But ease in writing, &c.*] That species of Writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

" The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with ease*," understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain Wit says) were *easily written* ; whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern ; so the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintilian describes very justly, and accounts as well for its success, — " Evenit nonnunquam ut

q Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque *theatro*:
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,
Comis in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso *non insanire* lagenae:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

NOTES.

"aliquid grande inveniat, qui semper quaerit quod
 "nimium est; verum et raro evenit, et caetera vitia
 "non pensat." I remember once on reading a poem
 of this kind with Mr. Pope, where the Poet was al-
 ways on the strain, and labouring for expression, he
 said pleasantly: *This is a strange man: he seems to*
think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is bet-
ter than an ordinary stool. He himself was never
 swelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hard-
 ness, it was not from attempting to say a common
 thing with magnificence, but from including a great
 deal in a little room.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo Georgii, &c.] The
 imitation of this story of the *Madman* is as much su-
 perior to his original in the fine and easy manner of
 telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes short of
 it. It is true, the turn Horace's madman took, agrees
 better with the subject of his epistle, which is *Poetry*;
 and doubtless there were other beauties in it, which
 Time has deprived us of. For it is in Poetry as in
 Painting, the most delicate touches go *first*; and,

q If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ; 181
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord ; 182
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife ;
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a puffy fellow, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short, they
 cur'd :

NOTES.

what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are
last observed. So that, what between time and ill
 taste, the greatest beauties are the shortest lived.
 But we need not wonder that ancient Satirists should
 feel the effects of this fatal union, when those noble
 ones of so modern a date as Rabelais and Cervantes
 are so little understood. One of the finest strokes in
 the latter is in the plan of his famous Romance, which
 makes a Spanish Gentleman of fifty run mad with
 reading books of Chivalry. But we see little of its
 beauty, because we do not know that a disordered
 imagination is a common malady amongst Spanish
 Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thu-
 anus occasionally informs us of, " Mendoza étoit un
 " fort habile homme, il avoit été employé en de-
 " grandes Ambassades—sur la fin de ses jours il de-
 " vint furieux, comme d'ordinaire les Espagnols."
Thuana.

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas;

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

† Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum *pueris*, concedere ludum;

‡ Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

‡ Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

¶ Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui

Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, &c.*] This illustration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

EP. II. OF HORACE. 221

Whereat the gentleman began to stare— 194

My Friends! he cry'd, p-x take you for your care!

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,

Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

r Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my
fate :

Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull ; 200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

s Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me in the pensive Grot,

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

t If, when the more you drink, the more you
crave,

You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

u When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,

You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :

When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place

Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221

NOTES.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken--t.

Stultitiam ; et cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem ?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

¶ Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere
est,

Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :
Qui te pascit aget, tuus est ; et villicus Orbî,
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit.

× das nummos ; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti : nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim* ?

y Em̃tor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Em̃tum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; em̃tis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam

NOTES.

VER. 229. *lov'd six-pence,*] Avarice, and the contempt of it, is well expressed in these words.

EP. II. OF HORACE. 223

Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd six-pence, more than he.

W If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All a Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen, 241
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land, 246
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:

NOTES.

VER. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-
against Hampton-court.

² Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte su-
prema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, at haeres

• Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam :

Quid *vici* profunt, aut *horrea* ? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani ; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro ?

^a Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, ta-
bellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant ; est qui non curat habere.

^b Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*

Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus ; alter

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 2 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou
 have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
 a Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
 There are who have not—and thank heav'n there
 are 266

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

b Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll
 find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum :

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum—

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam : nec metuam, quid de me judicet *baeris*,

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. Et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parvus avaro.

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtus

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips ; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia. P.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Phil-

EP. II. OF HORACE. 227

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275
 One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual : His great End the same.
 c Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place :
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.

NOTES.

losophy ; and so giving a much better sense to his
 Original ; and correcting both the *Naturalism* and the
Fate of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these
 words,

“ Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
 “ *NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE*.”

VER. 288. *But sure no statute.*] Alluding to the sta-
 tutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the
 Succession of Papists, &c.]

Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

f Pauperies immunda procul procul absit : ego, utrum

Nave ferar *magna* an *parva* ; ferar *unus et idem*.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores,

g Non es avarus : abi, Quid ? caetera jam simul

isto

Cum vitio fugere ? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine et ira ?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?

Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?

Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta ?

Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una ?

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would ex-

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd if fordid want be far away. 295

f What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not ?
 The Ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

g " But why all this of Av'rice ? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone ; 305
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad ? the Av'rice of pow'r ?
 Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall ?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?
 With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown ?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire, 312
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire ?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind ?
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end ? 316
 Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ? 321

NOTES.

plode ; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the
 false terrors from the world of spirits ; such as the
diablerie of witchcraft and purgatory.

h Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lufisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti :

Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

EP. II. OF HORACE. 231

h Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your
fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease; 326
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

S

D F

D

Quid v
Quaer
Verfic
Molliu

T H E
S A T I R E S
O F
DR. J O H N D O N N E,
D E A N O F S T. P A U L ' S,
V E R S I F I E D.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Vericulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

HOR.

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T H E
S A T I R E S
O F
D R. D O N N E.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the character of his genius, suited best with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, though he wrote but little; six short poems being all we find of this sort amongst his writings. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *versifying* them, because indeed the lines having nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine fragment, called the *Progress of the Soul*, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the *sermoni propiora* of Horace too seriously; or rather, was content with the character his master gives of Lucilius,

“ Emunctæ naris durus componere versus.”

Having spoken of his *Progress of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry scarce ever lost more than by his not pursuing and finishing that noble design; of which he has only given us the introduction. With regard to his *Satires*, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the *Third*, which treats the noblest subject not only of this, but perhaps of any satiric poet. To supply this loss, though in a very small degree, I have here inserted it in the versification of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the one, and by not being able to reach a single grace of the other.

COMPASSION checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies
 The tears a passage through my swelling Eyes;
 To *laugh* or *weep* at sins might idly show
 Unheeded passion, or unfruitful woe.

Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
 If ever *Satire* cur'd an old disease.

Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-descended dame)
 As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
 As Moral Virtue in her early sway,
 When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
 Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
 As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
 As all rewards their Virtue found below?
 Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
 These means are ours, and must its *End* be theirs?
 And shall thy Father's spirit meet the sight,
 Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,
 Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited
 To Reason's dictates, may be *faith* imputed?
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
 Art ever banish'd from the blest abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
 Thy *Maker's* Vengeance, and thy *Monarch's* Ire?
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?
 In search of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath?
 Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
 Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?

Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
 Or for some *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw 35
 Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!
 Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,
 To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
 And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field? 40

Know thy own foes; th' *Apostate Angel*, he
 You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can he give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate*?
 The *World's* thy second Love, thy second Foe, 45
 The *World*, whose beauties perish as they blow,
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast.
 The *Flesh* is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes, 50
 While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* destroy,
 From whence the *flesh* has pow'r to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively found—
 Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?
 By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led, 55
 Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know
 She there was seen a thousand years ago;
 And loves her Relick rags, as men obey
 The *foot-cloth* where the Prince sat yesterday. 60

These pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* scorn,
 Who seeks Religion at *Geneva* born,
 A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd;
 Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65
 All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

238 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

No foreign schemes make easy *Cæpio* roam,
 The man contented takes his Church at home;
 Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,
 Should some new Laws, which like new fashions reign,
 Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd 71
 To visit *his*, and visit *none* beside,

He grants *Salvation* centers in his own,
 And grants it centers but in his *alone*:
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75
 And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:
 So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
 Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless *Airy* flies,
 For, *all* professions can't be good, he cries, 80
 And here a fault, and there another views,
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse.
 So men, who know what *some* loose girls have done,
 For fear of marrying *such*, will marry *none*.

The Charms of *all*, obsequious *Courtly* strike; 85
 On each he doats, on each attends alike;
 And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same;
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
 But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go: 90
 This blindness springs from an excess of light,
 And men embrace the *wrong* to chuse the *right*.

But thou of force must *one* Religion own,
 And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.
 To find that *Right one*, ask thy Rev'rend Sire; 95
 Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;
 Tho' *Truth* and *Falsbood* seem as twins ally'd,
 There's Eldership on *Truth's* delightful side,
 Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest *First*
 Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worst*. 100

T'adore, or scorn an Image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best;
 'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
 It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide, 105
 Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
 Sits sacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means
 To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
 Winds round and round, and ev'ry turn essays
 Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways. 110

Yet labour so, that, ere faint age arrive,
 Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;
 To work by twilight were to work too late,
 And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.
 To *will* alone, is but to mean delay: 115

To work at *present* is the use of day,
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
 High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain:
 And *Mystrics* ask believing, which to View
 Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be *Truth*, so found, with sacred heed possess,
 Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breast;
 By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,
 Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *Hands* of *Fate*.
 Ah! fool and wretch, who let'st thy soul be ty'd 125

To *human Laws*! Or must it *so* be try'd?
 Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
 When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
 That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
 Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiss: 130

For ev'ry contrary in each extrem
 This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Would'st thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty shew?
 'Tis thy first task the bounds of pow'r to know;

240 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

The *bounds* once pass'd, it holds the name no more, 135
 Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
 Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
 But all a low *Idolatry* at best.

Pow'r from above subordinately spread,
 Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
 But roar a Torrent or a Flood *below*;
 Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,
 Each native Beauty, from its root is torn,
 And left on Deserts, Rocks, and Sands, are tost 145
 All the long travel, and in Ocean lost:
 So fares the Soul, which more that Pow'r reveres
 Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

N O T E S.

This noble similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand; or was not able to express it in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

- “ As streams are, Pow'r is; those blest flow'rs that dwell
- “ At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;
- “ But having left their roots, and themselves given
- “ To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
- “ Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
- “ Consum'd in going, in the Sea are lost.
- “ So perish Souls,” &c.

Dr. Donne expressly compares *power* to streams: but the comparison of *souls* to flowers being only implied, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part; and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the flowers *passive*; where-

Sat. IV. VERSIFIED. 241

as the Original says, *they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream*: that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.

S A T I R E II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity-towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
 One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
 I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
 Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
 how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
 Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
 Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
 The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
 Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
 These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat,

244 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. II.

And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
..... to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)

N O T E S.

VER. 38. *Irishmen out-swear.*] The Original says,

“ out-swear the Letanie,”

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of Satire.
Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble
used at that time by the enemies of the English Li-
turgy; who disliking the frequent invocations in the
Letanie, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*,
which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*.

Sat. II. V E R S I F I E D. 245.

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40

Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-

dence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,

N O T E S.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents
they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous;

"In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell."

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand
ready to receive every thing within them, that either
the *Law of Nature*, or the *Gospel*, enjoins. A just
ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are
called, who include all moral and religious duties
within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original

246 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat.II.

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
 But scarce a Poet : jollier of this state,
 Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**
 Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear :
 More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and posselt with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain ; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole month will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,

NOTES.

sense is much more confined ; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here a very fine stroke of Satire,

“ Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.”

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun ; the rapine with which it was carried on ; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men ; and disposed some even of the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for

And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass: 50
 No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,

N O T E S.

charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion.

^a He speaks here of those illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpose of promoting or advancing civil justice; the conse-

248 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. II.

And to every fuitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profess'd, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryar
 Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause)

NOTES.

quence of which, he tells us, is a *slavish* attendance,
 together with a *degradation* of their parts and abili-
 ties. So that when they undertake to excuse the bad
 conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are
 heard with the same contempt, as debtors, whose

Sat. II. VERSIFIED. 249

And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly ** 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of Bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses beires*: 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;

NOTES.

common cant is, that they were undone by *Surety-ship*. The Imitator did not seem to take the fineness of the satire, or he would not have neglected an abuse of this importance, to fall upon such *pauitry things as Peter*, and those whom *Peter* considered (and so well used) as his *patrimony*.

250 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. II.

But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses beires*,
 As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sence; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

NOTES.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments, to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and loose, as the hasty postils of a modern Divine. *So Luther*, while a Monk, and by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the *Pater-noster* by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion: as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition; and both together, to insinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*. — About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which appears from several strokes in these Satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is entitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviacione Orationis Dominicae*, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechisms; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke.

Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause.

N O T E S.

In this *catalogue* (to intimate his sentiments of Reformation) he puts Erasmus and Ruchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the subject of many imitations. The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his sermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pseudo martyr*, to prove that Papists ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Ecclesiastical Policy*, he has approved himself entirely ignorant, both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page and elsewhere he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *soul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 191st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and sublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the better part of his life.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow

Good works as good, but out of fashion now,

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

NOTES.

VER. 121. *These as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne says,

——— “ But (oh) we allow

“ Good works as good, but out of fashion now.”

The popish doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire given several malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

Sat. II. V E R S I F I E D.

253

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground? 110
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of
yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence; 125
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

N O T E S.

—————“ But my words none draws
“ Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.”

VER. 128. *Treason, or the Law.*] By the *law* is
here meant the *Lawyers*.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in

N O T E S.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be, &c.*] Donne says,

Well; I may now receive, and die.

which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] Says Mr. Pope. We verily believe he did. But of the cause of his death, not only the Doctors, but other people, differed. His family suggests, that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended in a dropsy of the breast. The *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* say, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story: and that we might be able to say, he died like his great name-fake, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch, and other grave Writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the Scull of an Ass.

SCRIBL.

This is a grievous error (says *Aristarchus*) it was the *hoofe* of an ass: a much more likely vehicle of mischief.—But this might be pardoned: the thing to be admired is, that the learned Scholiast should pass over the general subject so very slightly; I mean, *literary homicide*; a species of *murder*, which, though attended with every atrocious circumstance of malice forethought, all human laws, and, what is still stranger, divine Vengeance (whose motions rarely ef-

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

NOTES.

cape our notice) have entirely overlooked. It is only indeed in these last miserable ages of the world, that this mischief has become excessive: nothing being now more common, than for the Pen to perform the office of the Stiletto, and to leave the vanquished Disputant stark dead at the feet of the Conqueror. For though, as Macbeth says,

“ Blood has been shed ere now, i’ th’ olden time,”

yet no great execution was then done with this instrument, if you except the fate of two or three green girls, by the Iambics of Archilogus. Indeed so inexperienced in MURDER was the pen of ancient days, that the hurt, when it did any, was recoiling on the heads of the Users; witness the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero. But at the revival of learning, when the Pen came out new ground and sharpened by the Letter-founder, then it was that it acquired this fatal property; a malignity contracted, as should seem, from its too near neighbourhood to new-invented *gun-powder*, that amiable contemporary of the *printing-press*.

From henceforth we hear of nothing but death and slaughter. Dispute was now no longer a drawn battle; the common issue of old classical combats: It was a Duel *à outrance* (to speak in the language of the

A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is

A Recreation, and scant map of this.

NOTES.

times) where the vanquished resigned his life and his fame together. Nor was disease, or even old age itself, a security or asylum from these barbarous inroads of the Pen. The Academy became, like a field of battle in Homer, ornamented by an incredible variety of deaths. To be particular in them, would require the invention of that great Writer, or, what would be still more useful, the patience of his readers. I shall therefore confine myself to our own Island; where we have no need to fear a scarcity of slaughter. It is observed, by our politer neighbours, that we delight in blood; and have our killing Heroes of every species: no wonder then that our Schools should be full of murders like our Stage. Who has not heard how Milton slew Salmasius? and how Charles the first, though a King, condescended, with equal arms, to give the death's wound to Henderson? In our own times, Locke slew Bishop Stillingfleet; and still later, Clarke, without a *sufficient reason*, dispatched the philosopher Leibnitz. The last, yet not the least considerable of these scenes of slaughter, was the fall of Pope under the conquering hand of Cibber: which truly, I regard in no other light than a decisive victory obtained by Prose over Poetry.

I just before took notice of one difference in this species of Murder from all others, that we have not observed it to be pursued either by divine or civil justice: There is yet another, which is, that these Murders *walk the town*, to use Milton's expression, without even the slender attendance of a *Ghost*. It is true, that this singularity seems but the consequence of the other; for when neither divine nor civil justice will take notice of the crime, of what use is a *Ghost*? who has ever been understood as the harbinger to

I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

N O T E S.

quicken the resentment of the one, and to denounce the coming vengeance of the other. In a word, all these unhappy victims of literary rage, for aught I could ever learn, may be truly said to have *given up the Ghost*, and to have slept very quietly with their Fathers.

To this perhaps it may be objected, That it is well known some of them have risen again; and to the infinite vexation of their Murderers. This is not to be denied: but then it is as true, that these were not properly *Ghosts*, but only what the French call, *Revenans*. To explain myself. Cardan, as unsubstantial and as difficult to be laid hold on as a School *Subtily*, had been so hacked and mangled by Julius Caesar Scaliger, that he expired under his pen. Julius, in the preface to his next book, had the singular humanity to weep over the ashes of his slaughtered enemy, and to curse the fatal stroke which had deprived the world of so incomparable a man. But what was his surprise, when six years afterwards he heard all Italy resounding with the praises of their *returning* Hero; who, to prove himself alive, had just published a new piece of Philosophy. Not Banquo's Ghost,

“ With twenty mortal murders on his Crown,”

could more affray the bloody-minded Macbeth, than did this appearance of his Rival disorder our victorious Prince of Verona, so unexpectedly *pushed* again from his stool of Science.

Another instance was nearer home. The learned Bickerstaffe had pronounced the death of Partridge the Almanac-maker; who deceased accordingly:

258 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath
been

Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun

N O T E S.

But having been long well with the Stars, he was allowed, and accordingly took the advantage to come back with them, in their annual revolutions; though in no very good humour, as you may well suppose, with his murderer. But it was truly edifying to see with what temper that rare Scholar bore the seeming impeachment of his art, under all the insults of an incensed Philomath, double dipt both in Styx and Lethe. He answered none of his unpolite cavils; but, with great meekness, endeavoured to account philosophically for so odd a phenomenon, as the post existence of an Almanac-maker.

The use to be made of all that has been said is only this; to try at length to civilize Letters, and to cultivate Learning with humanity. Our *ideas* have lately undergone a great change. Why then should not our *tempers*? Formerly every fancy was an article of faith; and every defence bore the air of an Auto de Fé. At present all things are beheld with a philo-

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.
 But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }

NOTES.

sophic eye. Heresies are now treated as blunders; and Blasphemies as mere barbarities of Speech. Our *Genius* likewise concurs with our *Taste* to soften the ferocity of Polemics, to banish the combats *à outrance*, and to fit us for that gentler kind of skirmish, which courteous Knights-errant used to call *FER EMOUCE*.

ARIST.

VER. 7. *The Poet's bell*.] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd*.] *Courtiers* have the same pride in admiring, which *Poets* have in being admir'd. For VANITY is often as much gratified in paying our Court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER. 13. *Had no new verses, nor new suit to show*.] Insinuating that *Court-poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and serves but to supply a day's conversation.

E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk Monsters, Guanaes rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are?
 His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 tho' bare.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark :
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the Moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: 'Th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
 Thé suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
 But meer tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45
 This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
 The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
 A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.

In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlus, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter

NOTES.

VER. 73. *A period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long*; which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression, was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, *licet omnis hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debet esse ultra modum.*

SCRIBL.

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 263

A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbus discharg'd on me! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.

What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*," said I.
But the best *words*?—"O, Sir, the *Dictionary*."

You miss my aim; I mean the most acute, 70
And perfect *Speaker*?—"Onslow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty *gift of Tongues* enough:
Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own:

N O T E S.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of Donne, yet very licentious, in coupling the *Apostles* and *Panurge*, in this buffoon manner.

264 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O
Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes
meet

Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic,
coarse,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch

Sat. IV. VERSIFIED. 265

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you were not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good, 85
I make no question but the Tower had stood.

“Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
“Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
“Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
“The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.”
Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us— 95
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies;
“Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
“To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!”
Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal Family;
He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
“Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! strangely low,
“And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
“How elegant your Frenchmen?” Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 110
“Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
“Your only wearing is your Padua-foy.”
Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille— 115

266 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staves
 A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
 When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
 what

A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
 He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
 Hasts to an Offices reversion;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport;

shortly boys shall not play

At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

N O T E S.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his Original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is

“ A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 “ Shells to transport.”

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year

1633
with

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
 You only make the matter worse and worse. 120

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
 He hears, and as a Still with simples in it
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies,
 Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows
 More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows. 131
 When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
 what

A subtle Minister may make of that:
 Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government:
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
 Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
 Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town: 145

NOTES.

1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court
 with a magnificent mask: And one of their *Anti-*

Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me, I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this * Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,

NOTES.

masks was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes: "In this Anti-mask of Projectors" (says he) "came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like manner personated in this Anti-masque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Anti-masque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became so general, that Ben Johnson makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

* Whom we call an Ass, the Italians style *Maccheroni*.

Sat. IV. **VERSIFIED.** 269

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.

NOTES.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

“ And wiser than all us,

“ He knows what Lady ——”

the Reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted*. No, just the contrary,

“ what Lady is not painted ;”

satirically insinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

270 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat.IV.

He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
To suck me in for for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willing-
ly;

Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than
he)

Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the sound, but in the sense of these two words.

272 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness

My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your ^b Waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor

NOTES.

^b A show of the Italian Garden in Wax-work, in the time of King James the First. P.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *beat*. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

“ O qui me gelidis — ”

“ O quickly bear me hence — ”

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 273

Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!

There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving man?

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?

Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,

Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205

Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax*!

It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:

Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race

Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!

N O T E S.

VER. 194. *Base Fear*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

VER. 206. *Court in wax*] A famous show of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

274 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Taft have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks ^c are; their fruits baftard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and paft; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ftews

Had all the morning held, now the fecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Prefence*, and I (God pardon me)

As freft and fweet their Apparels be, as be

Their fields they fold to buy them. For a king

Thofe hofe are, cry the flatterers; and bring

Them next week to the theatre to fell.

Wants reach all ftates: me feems they do as well

At ftage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks

(For themfelves dare not go) o'er Cheapfide books,

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now

The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know

That there came weak fhips fraught with Cut-chanel)

The men board them; and praife (as they think) well,

Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.

Why good wits ne'er wear fcarlet gowns ^d, I thought

This caufe, Thefe men, mens wits for fpeeches buy,

And women buy all red which fcarlets dye.

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:

She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loofe fet ^e.

NOTES.

^c i. e. of wood.

^d i. e. Arrive to worfhip and magiftracy. The
reafon he gives is, that thofe who have wit are forced
to *fell* their flock, inftead of *trading* with it. This
thought, though not amifs, our Poet has not para-
phrafed. It is obfcurely expreffed, and poffibly it
efcaped him.

^e i. e. Confcious, that both her complexion and her
hair are borrowed; fhe fufpects, that, when, in the
common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-*

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 275

Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210

No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more

At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,

Pay their last duty to the Court, and come

All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215

In hues as gay, and odours as divine,

As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;

'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220

That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?

For these are actors too, as well as those:

Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,

And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,

Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,

Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes

So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230

He boarding her, she striking sail to him:

"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"

And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"

N O T E S.

twigs, and her *hair*, a *net* to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the Nobility and Gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

276 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat.IV.

Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence was a Mosque: and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles^f, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition*;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,

NOTES.

^f Because all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

Sat. IV. VERSIFIED. 277

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.

See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!

Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;

But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head,

Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.

So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose, 251

Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255

Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260
Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 265

N O T E S.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Durer.

278 SATIRES of DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
Those *Askaparts* s, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied Spie.—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

• A Giant famous in Romances. P.

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Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D.

279

And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from Jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

275

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine: 280
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

N O T E S.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly sins*] The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

12, 14, 2, 3, 7, 31

1950

And have all the good things of the world.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

EPITLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRE

IN TWO DISSONANCES

Written in Manuscript

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E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

S A T I R E S.

Written in M D C C X X V I I I.

D I A L O G U E I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in
Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

V A R I A T I O N S.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made :
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.

N O T E S.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace ; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem ; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer.

“ 'Tis all from Horace,” &c. P.

VER. 2. *The Court see nothing in't.*] He chose this expression for the sake of its elegant and satiric ambiguity.—His writings abound in them.

You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
 Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
 "Tory;"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice.

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 8.] Alluding to—Lucanus an Appulus anceps.

VER. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans in much better metre,*

"*To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter.*"
 The general turn of the thought is from Boileau.

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,

"Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin."

But the irony in the first line, and the satirical equivocate in the second, mark them for his own. His making the Objector say, that Horace excelled him in writing verse, is pleasant. And the ambiguity of *putting their trust in Peter*, insinuates that Horace and He had frequently laughed at that specific folly arising from indolence; which still disposes men to intrust both their *spiritual* and *temporal* concerns to the absolute disposal of any *sanctified* or *unsanctified* Cheat, bearing the name of PETER.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes.*] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation. P.

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Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
 Blunt could do Bus'ness, H-ggins knew the Town;
 In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex, 15
 In rev'rend Bishops note some small Neglects,
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish* thing,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
 Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
 But he is now an *independent Whig*?

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship, on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]

" Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

" Tangit, et admissus circum praeordia ludit.
 Perf. P.

Ibid Screen.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r: 30

NOTES.

VER. 26. *The Great Man*) A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister. P.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Priest's behalf: He acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s sake, might be

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Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;

NOTES.

taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt must needs be discharged either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the principle it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A scrib-ler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing, or

A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*,
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig : 40
 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage :
 These nothing hurts ; they keep their Fashion still,
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.
 If any ask you, " Who's the Man so near 45
 " His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear ?"
 Why, answer, LYTTTELTON, and I'll engage
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage :
 But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50

NOTES.

sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion. " Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins ; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

Ibid. *Why yes : with Scripture still you may be free ;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Osborne* (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. P.

VER. 43. *These nothing hurts ;*] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings, and speeches in the spirit of liberty. P.

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Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes ;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are
fore, 55

So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth :
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth !
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit ; 65
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit !
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng !
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly

That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.

NOTES.

one very full of puerilities and flatteries ; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style ; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

Ibid. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,*] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence*. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this master-stroke of Pulpit Eloquence : but Master Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine in his *Spital sermon preached in the year 1595*, layeth open the whole Myſtery. “ The voice of a Preacher (saith he, himſelfe a powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, which ſhould not pipe to make the People dance, but mourne to make them *weep*. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might ſerve at the Aulter ; becauſe for that impediment in his eye he could not well ſhew his inwarde ſorrowing by his outward *weeping*. And when they offered up their firſt borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieste, or their *Preacher*, they offered alſo with him a paire of turtle doves, or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-doves did ſignify a paire of *mournfull eyes* ; thoſe two younge pigeons did ſignifie likewiſe *two weeping eyes* : And at that offering they prayed for their firſt-borne, that afterwards he might have ſuch eyes himſelfe. For indeed, as Austin witneſſeth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with *ſighing* than with ſpeaking, with *weeping* than with words. Plus gemitibus quam ſermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu.” SCRIBL.

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O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—

NOTES.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!*] i. e. full of school-book phrases, and Anglicisms.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense* ;] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his Letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words; “The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. “What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those “nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of “sincere tears.”

VER. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The *Gazetteer* is one of the low appendices to the Secre-

And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave. 85
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace :
For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S——k, and grave De——re.
Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a King !
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court ;

NOTES.

tary of State's office ; and his business is to write the Government's news-paper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steel for some time had this post ; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himself and his writings* : “ My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in the office of Gazetteer ; where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all Ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People say, which I do not deserve.”

VER. 92. *Immortal S——k, and grave De——re.*] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, &c.*] The ex-

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There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their place :

But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101

All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes ;

No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,

Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory, 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,

N O T E S.

cellent writer, *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies : “ Qu'on life ce que les Historiens de tous les tems on dit sur la Cour des Monarques ; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS ; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oïfiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'âversion pour la vérité ; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertue du Prince, l'esperance de ses foibleffes, et plus, que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inférieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux la soient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la Vertue n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement.”

And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be
vext,

Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110

And at a Peer, or Peerefs, sh: I I fret,

Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;

But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115

Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?

A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,

Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?

Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120

Is it for Bond, or Peter (paltry things)

To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,

And so may'st thou, illustrious Passerān!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in some editions,

Who starves a Mother—

NOTES.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addressee on an Accession.

VER. 113. *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast* ;] A satirical ambiguity—either that those *starve who have it*, or that those who *boast* of it, *have it not*: and both together (he insinuates) make up the present state of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foot-

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But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and
Wife?

NOTES.

isth book, called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

VER 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the Philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that as to him, his *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his Relief.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London, a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these Authors. P.

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
 Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care :
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the laws on *Gin*. 130

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life :
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

NOTES.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *Forms of Prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity and distress ; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the *People*, till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do.* Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIB.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN—*] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus—" I am going to insert, in the body of
 " my works, my two last poems in quarto. I al-
 " ways profit myself of the opinion of the public,
 " to correct myself on such occasions ; and sometimes
 " the merits of particular men, whose names I have
 " made free with, for examples either of good or
 " bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a
 " virtue in you more than I certainly knew before,
 " till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*."

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Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me ;

NOTES.

“ I must therefore in justice to my own conscience of
“ it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I
“ first gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I shall
“ take care to do you the justice to tell every body,
“ this change was not made at your’s, or at any
“ friend’s request for you, but my own knowledge,
“ you merited it,” &c. *Twit. Nov. 2.*

VER. ib. ——— *with aukward Shame,*

Do good by stealth—] The exquisite sense, the elegance of phrase, and exactness of expression, are all here very remarkable. We are so much governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men (who are ever modest) a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, we follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardness* in going out of the fashion, which the Poet here celebrates.

VER. 136. — *and blush to find it Fame.*] He is represented as blushing at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done *by stealth*, but more openly.

VER. 137. *Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree.*] This line, and those which precede and follow it, contain an ironical neglect of *Virtue*, and ironical concern and care for *Vice*; therefore the Poet’s elegant correctness required, that his language, in the first case, should have the appearance of negligence and censure: and this is admirably sustained in the expression,

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She's still the same, below'd, contented thing. 149
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth :

NOTES.

“ *Let humble Allen,*” &c.]

But the beauty of this not being understood, the lines have been publicly censured for an ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to a man whom our Poet truly believed to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was, and known by him to be in fact, all and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of the *Man of Ross*. One who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious capacity, is an ornament to human nature.

The true character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a *Supplement to human Laws* (the force and dignity of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always delicate, and his reproof never unjust. And therefore, the first not reaching the head, and the latter too sensibly touching the heart, of his vulgar Readers, he has been censured for a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist; whereas he was, indeed, the warmest Friend, and most placable Enemy, that ever lived.

VER. 138. *'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;*] He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

“ *She's still the same, below'd, contented thing.*”

So that the Sense is this, “ It is all one to *Virtue* on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, because it still produces the same effect, *their content*; and it is all one to *me*, because it still produces the same effect, *my love*.”

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299

But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more,

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Let Greatness OWN HER, and she's mean no more.*] The Poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret History*; the sum of which is as follows :

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger : and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters, in the habit and quality of a slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of Buffoons, to make diversion for the Rabble ; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress : from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came ; but after a large circuit through the East, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time consort in the Empire with his Uncle *Justin* ; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her ; and would have married her immediately, but that the

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,

Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;

NOTES.

Empress *Euphemia*, a Barbarian and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, although she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then nothing but the antient LAWS, which forbade a Senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the Historian) and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) OWNED by *Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single Magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very Soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonry, and her prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and

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In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
 Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

NOTES.

the other the *green* Faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec. c. ix.—x.*

VER. 148. *And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. *scarlet head,*] Alluding to the *scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*.

VER. 164. *See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!*] This will always be the case when *knavery* is in fashion; because fools always dread the being *unfashionable*.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,*

Are what ten thousand envy and adore:]

302 EPILOGUE, &c. Dial. I.

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law :
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
“ Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.” 170
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

N O T E S.

—And no wonder, for the *Wit of Cheats* being the evasion of Justice, and the *Courage of a Whore* the contempt of reputation ; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon free spirits, fear of punishment, and dread of shame. SCRIBL.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day:

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine*?

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury:

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention*; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a *resemblance* before I can get it from the press.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash; 10
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
 Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
 Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind. 15
 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
 Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
 Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
 Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20
 I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
 The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—
 F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
 The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too
 low. 25

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
 Tell me which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning: The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it; which his argument requires they should do. For *dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the *person*.

VER. 26. *I fain would please you, if I knew with what; Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?*]

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 305

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

NOTES.

I have observed, that our Author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new species of the *sublime*, by heightening it with *wit*. There is a species of *eloquence* in his works (of which these lines are an instance) almost as peculiar to him; which he has produced by employing the *simplest* and *tritest* phrases to prevent stiffness; and yet, by a supreme effort of his art, giving them the dignity of the most select. Quintilian was so sensible of the lustre which this throws upon true eloquence, under a masterly direction, and at the same time, of the prejudices against it, from the difficulty of succeeding in it; that he says, *Utinam—et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus*.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c*] Alluding to the old Game laws; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 31. *As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but without reflection: For if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Ferae naturae*, *Things uncivilized*, and free. *Ferae*, as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Asinus silvestris*. SCRIBL.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, "Qui

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
 Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
 Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
 Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
 Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
 Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
 Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
 The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
 Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
 Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
 Then better sure it Charity becomes
 To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
 Still better, Ministers; or if the thing 50
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

NOTES.

“ ne fait être un ERASME, doit penser à être *Evêque*.”
 SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild*;} Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *For the love of Vice*!} We must consider the Poet as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics and Religion, That *private vices are public benefits*.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King*.] He is serious in the foregoing subjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their Masters.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 307

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65

NOTES.

VER. 55. *Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago.*] The line is admirable. The exquisite humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but its second praise. It finely carries on the argument, and exposes the false rules and measures of Satire, which his *Court Friend* would inculcate for his practice; that he is to avoid the proper object of Satire, *great offenders*, who have escaped public justice; and, in their stead, to seize the *little rogues*, who have submitted to it.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

VER. 64. *feels for Fame,—And melts to Goodness.*] This is a fine compliment; the expression shewing, that *fame* was but his *second* passion.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esber's peaceful Grove*
 (Where *Kent* and Nature vye for *PELHAM'S LOVE*)
 The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my *Craggs* anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart;

70

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Esber's peaceful Grove,*] The house and gardens of Elher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] These words (like those Ver. 135. of the first *Dialogue*) are another instance of the malignity of the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied: To be DECENT (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite Friend, whose superior virtues he most esteemed and admired.

“ Noble and young, who strikes the heart

“ With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry DECENT part.”

Indeed, the word in both places implies *every endowment of the heart*: As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken; and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate:

Quid verum atque DECENS curo et roga, et omnis in hoc sum.

So that to be *decent*, is to excell in the moral character.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES.

309

Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love:

75

NOTES.

VER. 73. *Berkley*, &c.] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good Man, a good Christian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsy that ever entered into the head of any antient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter, which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration, doubtful.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable of all sophisms, that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn: a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance, than all the elegant discourses of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the Character of a great Genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable Metaphysics, established on the Physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the Wisdom of this age, as the neglect of Milton's Poetry is to the Wit of the past.

VER. 74. *But does the Court a worthy man remove?*]

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 311

How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own.
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train;
 And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.
 Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise: 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.

NOTES.

man of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

VER. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an example to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

VER. 93. *Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons*.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)

Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not
grave) 100

Have still a secret Byass to a Knave:

To find an honest man I beat about,

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105

But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;

Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,

Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,

For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110

The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,

To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115

NOTES.

VER. 99. *My Lord May'r.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

VER. 102. *To find an honest man, &c.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 313

What RICHIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand:

To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120

O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!

—What are you thinking? F. Faith, the thought's
no sin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

NOTES.

VER. 116. *What Richlieu wanted, &c.*] The thing here insinuated is, that the greatest character for *Politics*, *Munificence*, or *Conquests*, when separated from virtue, would never gain the praises of the true Poet. But *munificence* approaching nearer to Virtue than either the other two, he says, *Louis scarce could gain*; while *Richlieu* and *young Ammon* went without.

Ibid. *Louis scarce could gain*,] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which he gives us an instance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

VER. 120. *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line*;] It is in the *Aeneid*,

“ His dantem jura Catonem.”

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine*?] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion.

VOL. IV.

P

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130

And LYTTLETON a dark designing Knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—

But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,

Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-gall'd Hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules

Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;

NOTES.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall*!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

VER. 136. *do I blame?*—*Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?*] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by a single rule of Rhetoric; which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quaeramus quid Adversarium laedat*,
SCRIBL.

Dial. H. TO THE SATIRES.

315

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to
you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend, 160
[In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, It imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171
As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

NOTES.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem
to Sir R. W. P.

VER. 164. *The Priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any par-
ticular priest, but of many priests. P.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to al-
lude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding
Dialogue. P.

If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180
 F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
 And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good Man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows?
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MSS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to
 Lord Bathurst. P.

II. Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 317

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.*

P. So proud, I am no Slave: 205 }
So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as man, who feel for all Man-kind.*] From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation, the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The passions are given us to awake and support Virtue; but they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of Satire.

VER. 212. *O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence, &c.*

To all but Heav'n-directed bands deny'd.—] Mr. Henry Home, a Lord of Sessions, and late writer

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,

NOTES.

of a Book intitled, *Elements of Criticism*, replies to this Character of RIDICULE as follows, "*Ridicule is* " but a gross pleasure. A People it is true must have " emerged out of barbarity before they can have a " taste for *Ridicule*. But it is too *rough* an enter- " tainment for those who are highly polished and re- " fined. *Ridicule* is banished from *France*, and is " losing ground daily in *England*." Vol. i. p. 138. This Observation is of so singular a complexion, that one can hardly tell whether it is to be taken in jest or in earnest. By *highly polished and refined* he tells us he means *delicacy of taste*; but as amongst the polite, *delicacy* is commonly understood to mean *sicklyness*, and as, according to this Writer's decision, *Ridicule* is the best test of truth, Vol. ii. p. 56. and Truth and Liberty go together; when he talks of *Ridicule's being banished France*, his condemnation of this noble touchstone of truth must be altogether ironical. But as on the other hand, this copious Writer has composed three large Volumes to substitute *Taste* to *Common Sense*, I should suppose him to be in earnest.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] " The " Citizen (says *Plato*, in his fifth book of *Laws*) who " does no injury to any one, without question, merits " our esteem. He, who, not content with being " barely just himself, opposes the *course* of injustice, " by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, merits our " esteem vastly more. The *first* discharges the duty " of a single Citizen: but the *other* does the office of " a body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but " proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISH- " ING, is the most valuable blessing of Society. This " is the PERFECT CITIZEN, to whom we would ad- " judge the *prize of Virtue*."

Dial II. TO THE SATIRES.

319

To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

NOTES.

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good Eusebius, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the Ox and the Christian Priesthood. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*. SCRIBL.

VER. 220. *Ec. Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,—That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,—Spin all your Cobwebs*] And again, to the same purpose, in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

“ Who breaks a *butterfly* upon a wheel?”

“ Yet let me flap this *bug* with gilded wings,

“ This painted child of Dirt, that *stinks* and *stings*.”

These (it has been objected) are Insects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore such compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that *mixed qualities* troubled the sense, as much as *mixed metaphors* do the style. But whoever thinks so, is mistaken. The fault of *mixed metaphors* is, that they call the *imagination* from image to image, when it is the writer's purpose to fix it upon one. On the contrary, *mixed qualities* do their office rightly, and inform the *understanding* of what the Author would insinuate, that the *moral insect* is a

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
 The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.

NOTES.

more worthless creature than the *physical*, as he collects together, in one individual, divers bad or trifling qualities, which Nature had dispersed in many. And when, in fact, we see them so collected; as venom, sophistry, and insidiousness, in a *Court-Butterfly*, the giving it the *bite* of the bug, and the *web* of the spider, makes it a *monster* indeed, but not of the Poet's creating, but only of his *naming*.

VER. 220. *Ye Insects*—The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him;

- " The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
- " Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
- " The morals blacken'd, when the wrings' scape,
- " The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape."

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36.

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the Sun. P.

VER. 225. *—Gods of Kings.*] When James the first

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 321

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Prefs,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar, 230
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227. in the MSS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

had once bespreeched his Parliament, Bishop Williams Keeper of the Great Seal added—that, *after his Majesty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilson the Historian observs—*This is not inserted to shew the PREGNANCY and GENIUS of the man, but the temper of the times.*

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words)
“ Il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy
“ porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en
“ effet une espece de Comete, fatale à nos enne-
“ mis.” P.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 Shrine,

Her Priestess's Muse forbids the Good to die,
 And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;
 Far other Stars than * and ** wear,

And may descend to Mordington from STAIR;
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine)

Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;

Let *Flattery* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies: 245

Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair*] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 323

Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read; 250
Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

N O T E S.

VER. *ult.*] This was the last Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

ON RECEIVING FROM
THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY
FRANCES SHIRLEY,
A
STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
" Take at this hand celestial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance shall guard Desert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the fable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)
" A standish, steel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's ^a, not the skies;
" I gave it you to write again.

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

^a A famous toy-shop at Bath.

- “ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;
 “ You’ll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
 “ Red, blue, and Green, nay white and black,
 “ L — and all about your ears

 “ You’d write as smooth again on glass,
 “ And run, on ivory, so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or ass ^b,
 “ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib ^c.

 “ *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
 “ I tell ye, fool, there’s nothing in’t :
 “ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ^d;
 “ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print ^e.

 “ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies ^f,
 “ I’ll list you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.’

N O T E S.

- ^b The *Dunciad*.
^c The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
^d Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.
^e When she delivers Aeneas a suit of heavenly armour.
^f *i. e.* If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic Poem*.
 —He was then meditating on such a work.

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